

DUBIOUS ACHIEVEMENTS EXTRA: VIVA NEWT!

# Esquire

## THIS BOY'S LIFE

Johnny Depp—  
Breaking Hearts  
and Furniture

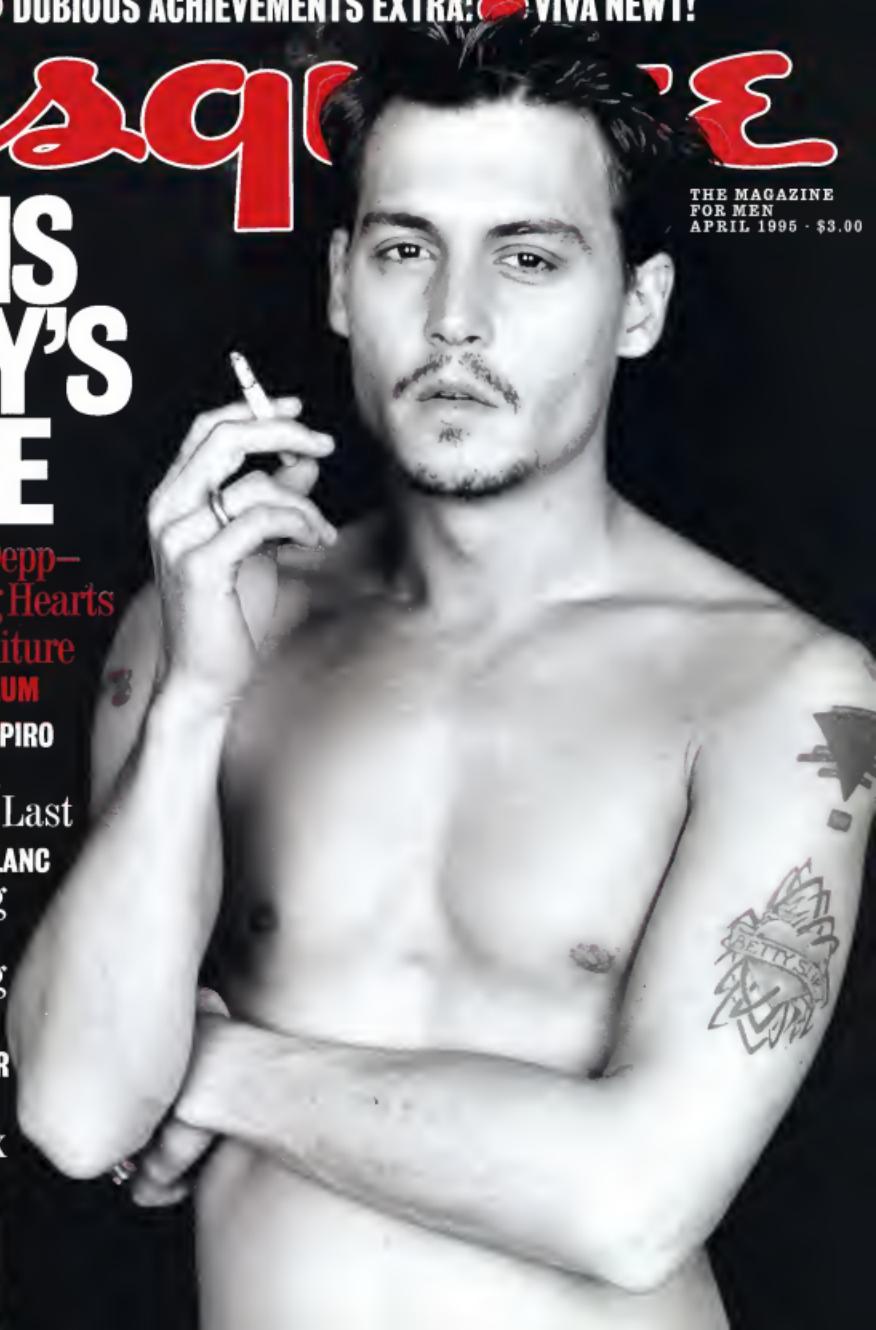
BY DAVID BLUM

WALTER SHAPIRO  
Bob Dole,  
Happy at Last

ADRIAN LEBLANC  
Too Young  
to Kill,  
Too Young  
to Die

JOHN TAYLOR  
The  
Third Sex

THE MAGAZINE  
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WATCHES





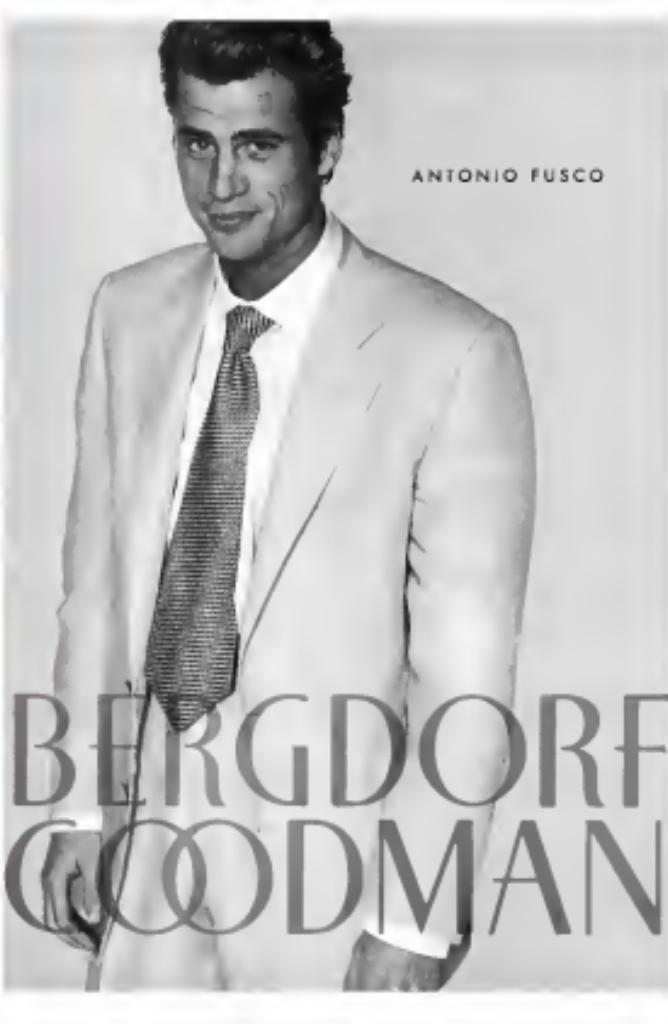
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## The Survivor

BY WALTER SHAPIRO

Clinton to the left of him, Gingrich to the right. Is Bob Dole happy at last or still the angriest man in Washington? Or both?

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## The Buzz on Johnny Depp

BY DAVID BLUM

So you trash your hotel suite. So you date some of the world's most beautiful women. So what? How else can you become the *next, next, next, next* Brando?



## The New Varga Girl

PHOTOGRAPH BY TIMOTHY WHITE  
Supersmodel Rachel Williams climbs the walls.

## Falling

BY ADRIAN NICOLE LEBLANC

When five-year-old Eric Morse was thrown from a fourteenth-story window by two elementary school boys, his Chicago neighborhood was already on its way down.

## The Third Sex

BY JOHN TAYLOR

The spiritual daughters of Christine Jorgensen are crusading for civil rights, trying to bridge the transgender gap.

## Last Call of the Wild

BY JONATHAN KABAN

In the quiet, respectful quest for steelhead trout lies the epic, neurotic clash between human nature and Mother Nature.

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Ross Perot is all ears for George Bush, Marianne Williamson gets even spookier, and Colin Powell hits the streets. Plus: O.J. the frogman—real life or made-for-TV movie? By Jeannette Walls 32

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## THE SOUND AND THE FURY

### The Politics of Meaning—What?

YOU RECENTLY RAN A STORY that I had met with Marianne Williamson, implying she was my "spiritual adviser" or "guru" ("Reality Check, January"). As with some press reports, it is factually true that I have met with Williamson, but the conclusion is untrue. Let me explain.

For nearly two years, I have met personally with a wide range of Americans—including Roman Catholic cardinals, bishops, priests, and priests; Protestant clergymen and lay leaders; Jewish rabbis; theologians; ethicists; and religious activists; academics (including historians, political scientists, sociologists and anthropologists); professionals; communications managers; consultants; management consultants; and renowned speakers, business and labor leaders; writers; artists; poets; and entertainment celebrities; and many other Americans from all walks of life who have interesting ideas or insights into what's happening in our country today. I've shared meals and cups of tea with them and some have spent the night with us, and I have enjoyed the chance to talk to stimulating people, many of whom care deeply about what the president is trying to accomplish for America; others are totally nonpolitical, and some even oppose the administration but have points of view I want to hear.

So have I met with Americans of every stripe, some of whom are controversial or "politically incorrect"? Yes, of course. I have. I find it interesting that very few of those visits have been publicized or viewed as significant unless those who oppose the president or his goals or my role that they can see potential against us by using the old tactic of "guilt by association," or unless the visitor decides it will benefit him or her to be seen as associated with us in both forms of publicity.

Marianne Williamson, for example, is a political supporter who has an intriguing view about popular culture today that she shared with me; she is neither my "guru" nor spiritual adviser. I believe that those who published her

were wrong to marginalize my expression of faith as a Christian because they fear that a view of Christian witness and obligation differing from the religious Right could create political opposition to agenda. Some even have exploited their time with me for their own purposes. The prime example of that is the magazine editor who paid a short courtesy call to my office and has promoted the perception that he is my "guru."

And what have I learned from all this? I suppose that no matter what I do—or do not do—I will be criticized and explained by some. Yet I will continue casting a wide net to meet with as many different Americans as I can, to listen hard and learn so I can grow and challenge myself; to understand better what's happening in our country and world and put that in a historical and social context to best help explain the president's vision for our future.

Well, your report provoked a long answer with a simple bottom line: I have no "gurus," spiritual advisers, or any other awe-inspiring alternative to my Methodist faith and traditions that I will continue eagerly to take advantage of this time in my life to meet with all sorts of folks and try to do the best I can to help the president and to make my own contribution to the nation.

—HILLARY RODHAM CLINTON  
Washington D.C.

FROM THE FIRST MOMENT that "The Washington Post" and "The Wall Street Journal" described me in "the guru of the White House," I made repeated and vociferous efforts to repudiate that demeaning description and its insidious implication that I had some special power over Mrs. Clinton's mind, and to challenge the media's attempt to misrepresent the politics of meaning that Mrs. Clinton had adopted from "old school" new age belief system rather than a serious and sophisticated alternative to the religious Right's interpretation of ethical and spiritual concerns.

In recent months, the Clintons have sought to repudiate themselves as consonant with only one specific disagreement with the Right that now

dominates Congress. So it's understandable that they no longer want to be publicly associated with the politics of meaning's critique of the ethos of affiliation that emerges from our competitive market society and helps create a society filled with me-fistian narcissism, and materialism. So Mrs. Clinton no longer talks about her speech in Austin in which she said that what this country needed was a politics of meaning, and our subsequent meeting at which we strategized about how best to get those ideas into the public arena and how to counter inevitable media cynicism is now reduced [in her letter to Esquire] to a "courtesy call." But in a subsequent discussion with [then] *New York Times* correspondent Michael Kelly, she kept referring to me and my ideas—so much so that Kelly concluded that the best way to attack Mrs. Clinton would be to attack my writings.

The Clintons have distanced themselves from people with whom they were much closer than me [Lori Ginzberg, Joyce Joy Elder] and from the ideals that won them support in 1992. But the election in 1994 showed that that was self-deluding. If ever the Clinton are perceived as putting self-interest (or the case, monetarily popularity) above principle, other Americans will conclude that they'd better watch out for the *new* short-term self-interest and thus vote for six cuts and reduction of government. What is my reward for warning the Clintons in my editorials in *Tikkun* for the past year and a half that their abandonment of the ethical and spiritual imperatives of a politics of meaning would lead to electoral defeat? This party and fundamentally dishonest gut-down and misrepresentation of our relationship.

—MICHAEL LEHRER  
Editor, *Tikkun*  
New York, N.Y.

### Esquire's Hat Trick

ONE OF ESQUIRE'S top five year fashion sense ("What's Your Fashion IQ?" by Woody Hochberg), and the previously unpublished letters of Jack Kerouac ("Your Pil Jack"), and obtain valuable tips on how to avoid getting buried in prison ("So You're Going to Prison..." by Jim Hough)





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## THE SOUND AND THE FURY

All back-to-back in one issue (January). Now that's what I call a men's magazine!

—DAVID F. REYNOLDS  
Yonkers, Calif.

### Overachievers All

EVERY REPORTER HAVE TO SAY I achieved so much as dubious straight A's—and that in my twentieth straight year of winning your hilarious achievement (Dubious) Achievement Awards of 1994 (January)! But who is the woman under Custer the Jaded? You managed to make her look a lot like my first wife, a dubious achievement if ever there was one. And why is O.J. laughing?

—MICHAEL BECHT  
Cleveland, Ohio

AS A CHARLES MEMBER OF YOUR STAFF (get it, get it), I want to congratulate you on the most sensationalistic Dubious Achievement Awards ever! Please double my subscription and send me a copy of Elizabeth Wurtzel's *Pizza Nation*.

—KEVIN E. HUGGETT  
Bedford, Pa.

YOUR CHARIS-ON-ICE parody was in the posture of taste. What's next? The Virgin Mary is a tramp? To make a mockery of the faith of millions, especially at Christmas, was not befitting a high class magazine such as *Esquire*. —THE REVEREND JOHN CALL SWANNON  
Upton Congregational Church  
Wellesley, Mass.

### Bad Connection

AFTER READING "The Joke That Killed" (by Christopher Byrnes, January), I promptly decided to cancel my AT&T Universal MasterCard and switch to another company for long-distance phone service. I was shocked, however, and sorry to hear about Heil Ehrlich, rolling himself because a woman in his office charged him with sexual harassment. AT&T's handling of that tragedy was iniquity at its utmost.

—JOHN M. CONCEILLO  
Golden Gate, Calif.

TWO WOMEN CLAIMS have expanded the rights of those accused of sexual harassment. In Yonkers, New York, a federal appeals court ruled that denying due process to males accused of harassment

can constitute illegal sex discrimination. *In Saks v. University of New Hampshire*, a federal judge reinstated a professor suspended for disastrous sexual comments, ruling that his free speech and due-process rights had been violated.

—HANS BAUDER  
Pine, Calif.

IF KAREN HAD been a man, would Edna have "natural" bar jokes to be about pants that needed measuring at the waist and brushed or washed that man's crook? I don't think so.

—CARMELO PIZZOLI  
New York, N.Y.

### TV Nation

THREE ESSENTIALS has expertly defined the competing forces at work in the amateur versions of TV reporting ("Not Necessarily the News," January). It is not at all surprising to read that even those with journalistic integrity are forced to pander to the slavering masses with the television equivalent of an wacky TV "news" has descended into a raucous free-for-all, brazenly purring the lowest common denominator. As usual, it is the undereducated viewers (adults) who will ultimately lose. Let's hope that the excess prompts the cure, both for those who make this kind of news and those who report it.

—ANTHONY FORBES-RORERIA  
Tokyo, Japan

### Do Not Pass Go

AS AN INVESTIGATE federal prison, AT&T found the except: "So You're Going to Prison?" from Jim Hightower's book (January) excellent. Some of his facts, however, were misleading. The "country club" prison is in Allentown, Pennsylvania, not Allentown. And the former "federal maximum-security prison" was in Marion, Illinois, not Indiana. Would you be interested in having an accurate edition researched in 2002?

—RAYMOND E. JAMES  
United States Penitentiary  
Terre Haute, Ind.

Letters to the editor should be mailed with your address and daytime phone number to: *The Sound and the Fury*, Region 150, 190 West 45th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019, or e-mailed to [esquire@pacifier.com](mailto:esquire@pacifier.com). Letters may be edited for length and clarity.



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## BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE



**W**HEN FIVE-YEAR-OLD Eric Moran was thrown from a window in his Chicago housing project by two elementary school students, he immediately became a media martyr, standing for all inner-city youths who remain good in the face of their environment. In contrast, the two boys who are accused of killing him—one ten, the other eleven—have been roundly demonized by the press.

Yet, as journalist **Adrian Marie LeBlanc** discovered, the actual story refuses to conform to the demands of this reflexive media script. "Everyone was asking, 'Were they playing or did they mean to kill Eric?'" says LeBlanc. Her article ("Eric," page 84)—with accompanying photographs by **Eugene Richards**—reveals that the answer to that question is almost moot, because for the children affected by Elsie's fall, the line between play and violence is often blurred.

For LeBlanc—a 1994-'95 fellow at the Ithaca Institute at Radcliffe who is at work on a book about a family in the South Bronx—the Moran tragedy cannot be reduced to the standard ghetto catchwords: poverty, crime, drugs. "These factors contribute to the vulnerability of children," says LeBlanc, "but they in no way fully explain a child's being thrown out of a window."

A fund has been established to help Eric Moran's surviving brother, Dennis. Lorraine Assurance Fund, South Shore Bank, 7054 South Jeffery Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois 60649.

WITH HIS COVER STORY, "The Buzz on Johnny Depp" (page 77), **David Blum** joins Esquire as a contributing editor. Blum, a long-time writer for New York magazine and the author of *Flush* (the film, ergo—and with Depp when it came to the red carpet—nothing of his name at New York's Milk bar), "For \$10,000 a night," says Blum, "he should have given the no-gog—if not the barkable." On the other hand, Blum adds, "I kept trying to gravitate back to my own hotel. I felt he was determined to trash my room."

Depp was photographed by **Wayne Meara**, who had more luck getting Madonna out of her clothes for our August Women We Love cover last year than he did with the waddah actor. At the photo shoot, Depp asked, "Are you going to make me take off my shirt?" Well, he was told, yes

"Who do you think I am, Brad Pitt?" he shot back. "Brad Pitt is the Clash Hero of the moment." Who does that make him, Vicente Munoz?

For some men, fishing is merely a sport. For others it is a religion. Still others such as author **Jonathan Rabkin**, see it as a means of working out neuroses and getting in touch with nature ("Last Call of the Wild," page 16). And through Rabkin—the author of thirteen books, including *Sharing Man's Household*, *Camping* and *Old Glory* and the editor of *The Oxford Book of the Sea*—fished much solace in search of masthead, he admits that he hasn't caught a fish since writing the piece.

Col Ripken Jr. may be baseball's iron man, but around here that title belongs to **Mike Lupica**, now in his eighth year as Spizzino Life columnist. For this issue, Lupica headed down to Massachusetts to talk with Ripken about the season so state would set to ride the field at spring training ("Let's Play Two Thousand," page 48). The same day Lupica was with Ripken, he also spoke with President Clinton about the base ball situation. "We didn't solve the crisis," says Lupica, whose fourth novel, *Jung*, was just published by Villard Books. "But I told him, 'If you feel free to call me about it anymore.' As for Lupica's stamina, he says he expects to continue for many years—so long as we don't impose a salary cap on him.

"Trying to decipher what makes Bob Dole tick is a full-time job for all of us," says Our Man in the White House columnist **Walker Shapira**. "He's so familiar but so elusive." In "The Survivor" (page 84), Shapira takes a closer look at the Republican intent to beat (or move) in '96. Is Dole the most powerful man in Washington? "Everyone—blowzy Gingrich, Bill Clinton, Bob Dole—has the power to stop things," says Shapira, who is at work on a book about the Clinton presidency. "No one has the power to do anything affirmative."

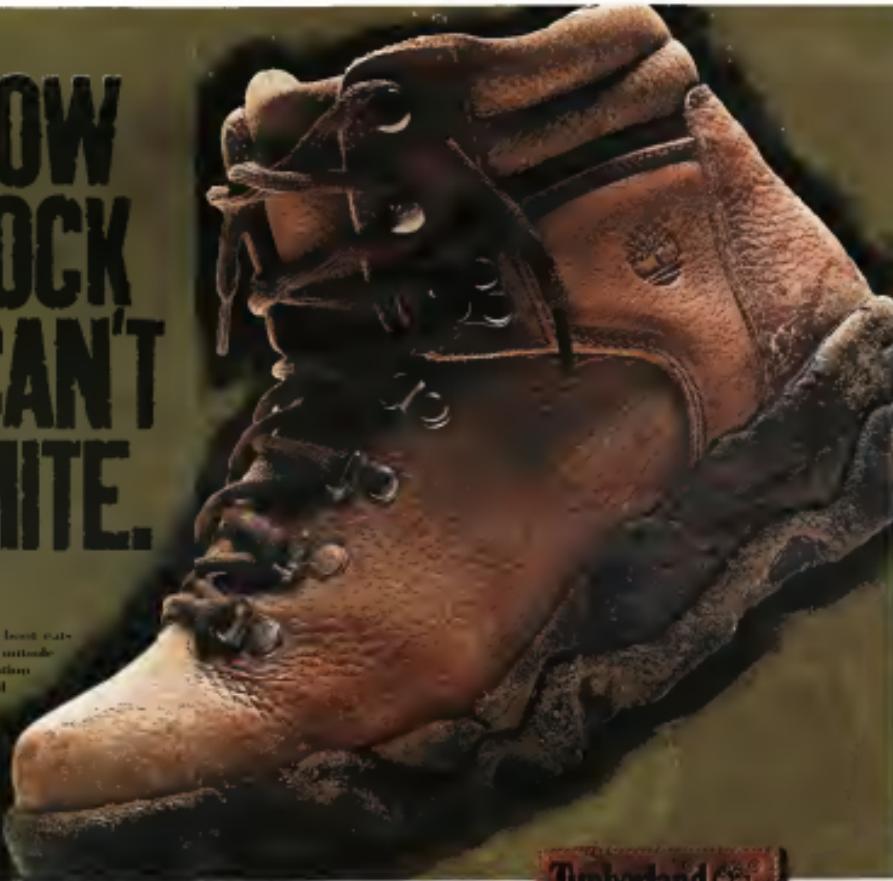
Finally, the name Gingrich has always been hallowed in the halls of Esquire—Arnold Gingrich being the magazine's founder—and now, in "Had to Think: Newt Gingrich" (page 112), the Defense Advertisements team—with a proud commercialism effort by assistant picture editor **Danielle Piana** and picture researcher **Marybeth Welsh**—flies back in to action to celebrate that master of Republican megalomania. "It was tough to get the Dobosz engine started in midair," admits deputy editor **David Hershey**, "but honestly we had no choice. History demanded it." ■



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# Reality Check

Eyes

## Here's the Deal...

**W**HEN you look under the hood for the source of the animosity between George Bush and Ross Perot, what you'll find may not be just politics but money.

In 1986 can man Jim Erie approached then vice-president Bush offering to provide, for \$10 million, a tape that allegedly contained information on the whereabouts of some American POWs in Vietnam, according to reporter Red Lurie, who was writing a book about the war for Pantheon. Erie also asked Bush to bar his cohort, Robert Debra Bergman, out of jet for \$40,000. Bush said he couldn't ask taxpayers money for such an endeavor but made a personal plea to his fellow Texan Perot. The billionaires had agreed to give



From George to Ross's old

Lure, and then, departed the \$10 million in an escrow account in the Bank of America in Singapore. But Perot never got the tape.

"Lure] has had facts all leveled up," says Perot, who confirms that Bush countered him about helping Erie and Bergman. "Mr. Bush called and asked me to help him. I said, 'Perot, I'll look it over.' I handed out Bergman so he could get the tape, but he never

showed. At the time, it was a strange experience. I'll tell you that Bush had a lot stronger" Perot adds, however, that he never put up the \$1 million and doesn't hold a grudge against Bush over the incident. Bush did not offer a comment, but Lure observes, "It's certainly interesting that the vice-president of the United States and former head of the CIA didn't know that Erie was a world-class phony."

## Spit Personalities

## Other Voices, Other Gurus

**M**ARJORIE Williamson is definitely not Hillary Rodham Clinton's spiritual adviser, but she may not even be her own woman, either. Williamson—author of *A Return to Love and Elementary*—recently sold a devotee who adored her for not preaching what she preached—but when it comes to learning, "it's not me speaking. That's an error."

"She clearly feels that the spokesperson is a different person," says the source. "She divides her life between being a 'bush for God' and simply a bush."

Marjorie Williamson saw her entry returned calls.

**Williamson:** The lights may burn, but somebody else is there.

## Stakes

## Mile-High Rollers

**T**HE USAir already something of a risk, airplane may get some. Several brokers are working on machines that would allow passengers to gamble aboard planes. "In about a year they're going to have technology to let people insert their credit cards in a machine on the seat and play blackjack or whatever,"

says a source, who adds that members of Congress are already looking into regulatory concerns.

"It's the legal issues that are still problematic, but they might set up planes where you can go out and cross and gamble outside the jurisdiction of any state sort of like the old riverboat casino," except they won't use you as collateral if you walk away, he says.



## Experts

## A Third-Rate Burglary

**W**ASHINGTON Post managing editor Robert Kaiser learned the hard way that his reporters' legendary investigative skills aren't limited to the people they cover.

Kaiser had scored some highly sensitive internal releases of the FBI's reports on a top-secret computer file, like *Race Defense*, the national security managing editor, called them up and then accidentally sent them to a public liaison. The evaluations—excluding critiques of political writer Ruth Marcus, medical writer Howard Korn, in the Loop columnist Al Kamen, and Supreme Court reporter Juan Rodriguez, as well as a rather rough review of investigative reporter Jim McFadden, who broke the story of the Gary Hart-Diane Rehm situation—were discovered by a Deep Throat in the financial desk and then read by most of the Post's staff.

"There was a real feeding frenzy," says a source. One reporter sent investigative editor Les Devereux a note: "If you're going to put the evaluations in a public opus, you might as well put them on the bulletin board."

Hadly apologetic, Kaiser and Devereux disclosed a memo saying that "the idea that the members of the [FBI] would read evaluations is bad enough, and that they would call attention to them is appalling."

"Any reporter who doesn't have the curiosity to look at something like that," says another Post reader, "should be laid anyway."

## Presidential Affairs

## Leave the Rest of Him Alone

**R**onald Reagan's mental state isn't always apparent in light of the former president's bold announcements that he is suffering from Alzheimer's disease, but friends and former colleagues have asked VML to stop playing George's "Lord of Confusion." The 1974 video shows a dazed Reagan, perhaps for example, eating a champignon mushroom for dinner. For *George Reagan*, "When he was the president and was healthy, it was a political statement," says a source, who



Reagan in 1985, still smiling at film.

complained to VML, which did not have a comment about the story. But now that Reagan has reverted

he has Alzheimer's and has done it in such a dignified manner, the video's horrific and not funny," says a source.



Powell: Poise in the Board

## Strategy

## Run, Colin, Run

**I**ncoln Powell makes his bid for the White House, as many February insiders are convinced he will (of course, for whose party is any body's guess) he'll have more than enough experience in the unusual and inn-

usual arenas, although he could see more street cred selected, so the former chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff recently condensed a low-key tour of duty to bone up on urban affairs.

Earlier this year, Powell visited a renovated arena in the slums of South Bronx, near where he grew up, after having turned down the post-negotiated ribbon cutting ceremony the previous year. "He walked up the street, greeting everyone, asking questions about what a tool to get these houses rebuilt," says Bill Frey, the director of the New York office of the Enterprise Foundation, one of the cosponsors of the

CityBusiness program. "He wanted to know how people were selected, if those who were involved to make it work."

"[Powell] is a really nice man; he isn't completely familiar with how civilian life is, and what's important to them," says a source. "Right now, he's doing fieldwork on his political platform. That sort of program would be perfect for him to point to because it's a real pull-out-all-the-stops type."

Powell gave strict orders to keep the press away from his fundraising mission, but afterward, he let it be known that he wouldn't mind if a photographer took a picture or two. Just the way *Entertainment* would have done it.

## Obituaries

## What Does Mama Oswald Say?

**W**ON the deathbed of *Kennedy* mother-in-law Lee Harvey Oswald, the world may have lost its greatest proponent of the lone gunman theory. The political establishment lived to be won but in all these years she never subscribed to any of the conspiracy theories about the assassination of John F. Kennedy. Furthermore,

Hughes asserts *EW's* father, Sen. John F. Kennedy, didn't buy the conspiracy theories either. Well, then, one closed

# Reality Check

Judge

## One Angry Man?



Joe, the JUDGE

To judge from **O.J. Simpson's** time I want to tell you it doesn't really matter whether a book about the case is fiction or nonfiction, which may be good news for author **Joe McGinniss**, who is writing about the murder and trial. In 1995, McGinniss was condemned for creating dialogue for his big reply to Senator **Edward Kennedy's** Law Review and was also accused of "borrowing" material from **William Manchester's** Kennedy bio. Many publishing insiders thought McGinniss's writing career was doomed after the Kennedy book and

were shocked when Crown Books signed him up—for a reported \$1 million—to write the **Simpson** book. "His strength has always been when he has exclusive access to someone," says a source, citing McGinniss's best-known work, **Raid**. *Vision*. "But this is an overcooked area."

**Derrick Brooks** is still plagued into the prosecution and the writer. Brooks and will likely write a book about the case (Brooks as well as soon as he finishes his book about the **Bosom Buddies**, and New Yorker writer **Jeffrey Toobin** is similarly connected with the defense team.

"McGinniss has to rely on his own creativity again," says the source, "and these books are always a disaster." He isn't doing any interviews, watching TV, or reading any of the press accounts of the trial. He's writing the book from the perspective of a juror. McGinniss could not be reached for comment. He's probably sequestered

Postscript Papers

## Dear Your Name Here

**C**OMMUNIST **Kathy Nagy** hasn't forgotten the little people. The **State Art** star recently took time from her busy schedule to send a touching form letter to all of her close friends—such as **Kate O'Neal**, **Phil Donahue**, **Whang Goldberg**, **Jeffrey Katzavberg**, **Tessa Hadley**, **Gene Saks**, **Gloria Steinem**, and

**Susan Williams**—thanking them for their support. Some—such as **Greg Kinnear**, **Marcinda Kuchi**, and **Barbara West**—were such good pals that Nagy had a bit of trouble remembering how to spell their names. The list of chums was included with the letter, and recipients' names were highlighted.

Howard and **Robert** **Long** **Kathy Nagy** Be sure to her and you, too, can receive a form letter next year! \*

For the New Year I took some time to think about the amazing (most glorious) year for **TV**. I've experienced in "show business."

I thought of those

you who have directly inspired, supported, employed, and/or mentored me, encouraged, and guided my artistic endeavors.

Howard and

Robert

Long

Kathy Nagy

Be sure to her

and you, too, can

receive a form letter next year! \*

## His Life's in Turnaround—Big-Time

**N**icole Brown Simpson was afraid of **Frigg**. **O.J. Simpson** played a **Frigg** in a TV pilot in the life insurance department, there are lots of other spooky similarities between the real life **murder** of Nicole Brown Simpson and **Ronald Goldman** and the perhaps never-to-be aired NBC show, according to sources who've seen the script. **Cautionary or inspirational?** You be **Judge**.

### The Simpson Case

#### Plot jacket:

**O.J. Simpson**, a retired football star who just can't say no to an endorsement, decides to be played by his wife.



### Prognostic—The TV Movie

#### Plot jacket:

**O.J. Simpson**, a retired football star who just can't say no to an endorsement, decides to be played by his wife.



#### Memorable:

A man named Goldman.

#### Violent moment:

Billing holds a knife to a woman's breast.



#### Touching moment:

Billing holds a knife to the breast of his heavily pregnant wife.



#### Killing attire:

A dark wool cap discovered at the murder scene.



#### Violent-action highlight:

Top chose.



#### TV possibilities:

Bottom.



#### TV possibilities:

Bottom.

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If she asks you  
what you're drinking,  
do you really want to say  
the word "spritzer"  
to this woman?



Dewar's





1950s: Suzy Parker the "Babe of the Week" and *Look*.



1960s: Dorothy Lamour, British pinup model.



1970s:  
Janet  
Jackson  
—"I'm  
your  
girl"



1980s: Elizabeth Taylor, Elizabeth Montgomery, and Natalie Wood.

1990s:  
Kate  
Moss—the  
girl you  
look the  
less you see.



# MAN AT HIS BEST

EDITED BY ANITA BEULLER

## Model Behavior

**W**E'RE GLAD TO have fashion models on the planet, but what on earth are we to make of them? Englishman Michael Gross makes a

great deal of them in his biography *New History Model: The High Stakes of Beautiful Women* (William Morrow). "Consider the top model of each of the past eight decades," Gross says, "and you'll see

the steady trajectory of twentieth-century popular culture. In seventy years, fashion has gone from gilded salons filled with entrancing treasures doffing their hats to courses in a world defined by Times Square billboards displaying girls in their underwear—and less."

Here's how he maps out the trade in female flesh and bone interests in its devolution from class to trash:

The 1930s: Hattie Lee Sherman, great-aunt of the great general, poses for Edward Steichen, then goes modeling to marry a New York state senator.

The 1940s: Anna Colby turns down marriage proposals from Clark Gable and James Stewart, opting, "I'd rather be lonely than sorry." Later, she becomes a columnist and *Today* show regular.

The 1940s: Doran Leigh wins a naval commander and enjoys flings with Darryl Zanuck, Harry Belafonte, and scores of others, but the love of her life is married Spanish aristocrat Marquis de Postigo.

The 1950s: Doran Leigh's little sister, Suzy

Fisher, Richard Avedon's muse, marries a French count, then divorces him, with actor Bradford Dillman, and settles into happy domesticity with us children in Santa Barbara.

The 1960s: Dungareyish, a pig breeder's daughter helps codex photographer David Bailey bring the dissolute revolutionary attitudes to fashion. Models go from sleek and unapproachable to down and dirty.

The 1970s: Dangerous about Janice Dickinson of Brooklyn becomes modeling's first unabashed bad girl, known for substance abuse and mounting passivity in restaurants.

The 1980s: Linda Evangelista, Christy Turlington, and Naomi Campbell flaunt their big backs in arms with an off-their-movie-star (Kyle MacLachlan), a pretentious rock star (U2's Bono), and an antisocial jock (Mike Tyson).

The 1990s: Who'd have thought Lee Sherman had posed bare-breasted and hairy-legged for *Playboy*? But wait: Anna Colby has stuck around while Johnny Depp invaded a hotel room? Somebody tell Kate Moss.

## DESIGN

# Benz Ahead



**T**HE MERCEDES SLK roadster is not due to arrive until early 1997, at a price in the low forties, but designer Peter Pfeiffer and his team have shown the concept version, in deep blue veering on purple, like a Wagnerian overture, with a caramel glove-leather interior. The grille is a rusticated pattern like those that medieval armorers etched with acid—a designer's indulgence that is unlikely to get to the assembly line. But the little duck-e-ass flip at the

hock and the "power bulges"—that run from hood to headrest—that will endure into the production car inspired by the classic 1950s Mercedes SLs, the new car's initials stand for



German fairy tale: The Mercedes roadster-to-come

# CHAPS

RALPH LAUREN

The Spirited Tradition



# Design for Driving



**Dash of romance:** The 1967 Packard V-12, with its ornate dash and red leather seats—the pinnacle of prewar Detroit.

**P**ART STAGE SET, part interior design dashboard—ever more so than grilles and headlamps—are the faces of automobiles in Hollywood (Beverly), says movie director David Halkin, who lovingly photographed dozens of them—the 1954 Panhard et Levassor to the 1973 BMW 320i Turbo.

From exotic beginnings,

when all the gauges that fit were set in wood, ornate-style dashboards evolved to sleek Burled walnut and leather, ivory and chrome, played out the styles of their times. The 1950 Ford Vignale, beloved of Ava Gardner, Tony Curtis, and Peacock was says Halkin, "a splendid example of strong, roomy bone-like applied to a

car." Incomes collapsed the substance of their era, from the disco suburbs of 1960s-Singer professors—to the bracelet boomers of 1970s flunks. By the 1980s, dashes were as vast as the car themselves, virtual chrome circles of information radiating from studios.

At night, the glow of the dashboard was sometimes

purple, sometimes green and gold, as in the *Cord 812*. Today as the face of the car becomes an interface with all sorts of electronic amenities, the need for romance is even more vital. VW's Concept 1 offers a dash whose soft green illumination was inspired by the underwater lighting of Southern California sea swimming pools. ■

# Harlem's Highest Times

**I**F THE PUBLIC MIND had strong Harlem's earliest plagues, Prohibition was, ironically, its greatest good fortune. To a degree not easily imagined, Harlem was the stage on which the Roaring Twenties were played out. White society—and money—flocked to 125th Street where the clubs lashed the music and high times with bootlegger Latency groups and when "Negro" follow movies overran

around an archipelago of bohemian bordellohotels and magazines peopled by the most creative and famous personalities of the time: the black madame, the "Nigga girl" (Zora Neale Hurston dressed them) Even Jasper Hobson, Hartman's West India numbering, financed his every prance.

Seven Wilson tales you share, vocally and immediately, in "The Harlem Renaissance" (Pantheon), a terrific of-

images, maps, "genealogical" charts of music and reading alliances, and original insights. Wilson indulges every curiosity about just where things happened, who was there, and how it all went down. As the tales pile up, you want to know more, so share more of the genius of the time, to harken from the disastrous end of Prohibition to the age embodied in tragic malady author John Toomer's description of him-



**Upturn seek:** House organ of Hartman's saloon-guitar, 1928, self in his first heady Italian days. "A bit of class dressed in formal attire." ■



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## HARDWARE

# Tops in Laps

**J**ON THE subcontinent at Comp USA, more than every day the relentless mobile professionals who come in to lock tires on the latest laptops find out what's faster: what's smaller, what's cooler—even though their own machines are still pretty new.

Laptops—the guy in the newest airplane seat is the newest matcha sport—but what makes a laptop hot? Processor speed to be sure—but also, these days, features such as sharp TFT (pass-film transistor) active-matrix color, decent key travel (the no pros go for three millimeters), the ability to "hot swap" peripherals with the power on, and the form factor (compactness, elegance, ease of use). The new rules you can never be too thin or have too much hard disk or parity. For now, here are the leading contenders in each division. —PAUL FATTORI

### EASIEST TO USE

**Apple PowerBook 160.** With its track-ball technology, in which the touch of a finger registers # moves as a mouseball, Apple has outperformed both laptop king-of-the-hill machine the first Powerbook to be upgradable to the PowerPC. (Aug. 17) It's also available to the trade and comes with a 320-meg hard disk. CPU: Motorola 68LC040 processor at 40 MHz; 3.5 pounds, \$4,299.

### CLEVEREST AND MOST COMPACT

**IBM ThinkPad 700C.** The first machine to offer a full 19.4-inch TFT color screen in a subnotebook package less than 2 inches high. Opened up and the new patented TrackPoint keyboard sprang out to a full semi-circle (it) and it looks like it's on a spring line, like a close-up of what was supposed to be a carefully divided chocolate bar. Intel 486 DX4 at 33 MHz; 4.4 pounds; about \$4,000.

### THINNEST AND MOST ELEGANT

**Digital AVNote 1 Disc II.** Sleekly professional yet ultrathin enough with a 9.5-inch TFT screen and a hard drive up to 340 megabytes. Available on floppy disks, it runs simultaneously under the Mac. With choice of processor ranging from Intel 486 DX4 at 33 MHz to Pentium 133 at 150 MHz. 4.4 pounds, \$4,999.



### FASTEST

**Digital AVNote 1.990XT.** The first Premium notebook laptop with a 10.4-inch screen and a hefty 770-meg hard drive. At least as impressive is its low drop-in price: \$5,499. Your company values you. Pentium at 150 MHz; 6.9 pounds.



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## RESTAURANTS

John Mariani

# The Return of the Great American Diner

**B**ROOKLYN White Castle, before McJohn's and McDonald's, before Denny's, these were the diners beloved glossy spoon, bacon bacon at the right, setting the numerator. Hollywood movers the diner has for a century epitomized Americana—epitome to eat cheap and on the fly.

The prototype was a horse-drawn feed wagon designed in Providence back in 1929 to feed workers coming off the night shift. By the 1940s, there were more than sixty-seven hundred diners—overwhelmingly run, for no particular sociological reason, by Greeks immigrants. Their inventiveness, whether the early roadside diners or most of the scrapping of the signs in an exuberant and roisterous of the American character as New York City scrapes and Miami Beach's art deco.

After World War II diners had their share when fast-food chains high on space-age design made them look unattractive. Today, fewer than two thousand remain. A few old timers—D'Amato's in Middlesex, Connecticut; the Miss Diner in Boston; Macky's in St. Paul—all still good, wholesome grub. Newer diners like Atlanta's Backstage Diner, New York's Empire Diner (with candlelight and piano music), Chicago's Ed Debe-

ric's (with performing wait staff) and San Francisco's Big City Diner (which decorates "trey babies") make the diners' menu balances traditional diner fare—bacon with blueberry griddle cakes, corned-beef hash with poached eggs and grilled pork chops with whipped potatoes—with modern ideas such as crispy cod with wild mushrooms. The chocolate cake is made with Volkhava, the salmon is house-smoked, and the pastry shop up front makes miniature breads, muffins, and preserves.

In Philadelphia, Jack McDavid, a local culinary hero, not only for Jackie's Portuguese New Jersey, won an AIA award for his three-hundred-seat homage to meat, polished slamsmen, and shiny lanterns. With its candy-colored lighting, fixtures, stainless-steel open grill, and blue-green booths, City Limits pulses with good feeling. It even has a Greek American骄傲 in owners John, Nick, and Bill Lavoros. The menu balances traditional diner fare—bacon with blueberry griddle cakes, corned-beef hash with poached eggs and grilled pork chops with whipped potatoes—with modern ideas such as crispy cod with wild mushrooms. The chocolate cake is made with Volkhava, the salmon is house-smoked, and the pastry shop up front makes miniature breads, muffins, and preserves.

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With you were here: City Limits is where done right

BOTTOM: PETER J. ALVY



# Night in the City of Light

**M**ONTMARTRE has always been a place apart from the grand avenues of major Paris, a giddy urban village perched on its 400-foot escarpment in the northern reaches of the city. It was a hotbed of symbolism and the birthplace of cubism but after World War I, when the Apollinaires and the Picasso descended to Montparnasse, Montmartre came to be synonymous with more-moderate Gothic charm, a living post card where every swaying candlestick seems just now而已 appeared to the Place du Tertre. There, bad armchair drama out and clowns panting under gaily colored umbrellas (just bad arms per se) according to local regulation) in the shadow of the bulbous butts of Sacré-Cœur. Sophisticated tourists have been avoiding the area for decades.

Now, at last, the joke is on them. Among the disillusioned of the city (and these fiddler tourists), Montmartre has emerged as the most desirable night district, sprouting up through the bones of another generation's playgrounds. The wave of shops, restaurants, and cafés that has swept the area plays to pleasure but, if it's not too hopelessly bourgeois to say, offers the visitor superb value in an increasingly expensive city.

**Le Moulin**, on Rue des Abbesses, a ground-floor

and the way to begin the evening. Whatever the hipsters who crowd the call all you can do is, it's not art, and yet a drunken, elegantly dressed young gentleman can still announce, "I suffer like an artist," and seem to mean it. A little Mylène does help here.

Two blocks away on Rue des Taxis Fauves, not far from a down shop (the down thing dies hard, too!) **Le Petit Chêne** prepares fine meals—more or less nouvelle cuisine, thoughtful spaces nearby to **Le Restaurant**, on Rue Vavin—off the neighborhood's roughly raffish daytime hub, Rue Lepic, an ascending line of open-air market stalls and cheap bars. This neighborhood feels less like Paris than like a Kamp port town. Le Restaurant, by contrast, is a see-and-be-seen sort of place where you may observe gaudily aging models dancing with their small dogs—black or gray to match their owners' clothes. The food is light, clever, and confoundingly reasonable, less than ten francs.

Historically, the can never fail, at the foot of the butte, around the Place Blanche and the Place Pigalle, opened as a kind of Venetian-flying fair. Many enterprising, long-thriving boutiques—potential clients to the cigarette le-

**Where Paris is burning:**  
**Le Petit Chêne** (top), **Le Moulin**



(left). **Chat Noir** and **Le Moulin Rouge** (far left).

Ever wonder why she's holding a light?  
For a great smoke, take a few liberties.



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Mike Lupica

# Let's Play Two Thousand

The only way to stop Cal Ripken Jr. was to stop baseball itself

**I**T SHOULD BE called Ripken Arena. Or Cal's World. It is the barn-shaped gymnasium on the other side of the swimming pool from his sprawling home on top of a hill in horse country in Reisterstown, Maryland, perhaps thirty minutes from Oriole Park at Camden Yards. There is a full basketball court in here, with a working electronic scoreboard at one end. There is an exercise room above the court that looks as it should be filled with buff, sweating players. And in an area behind the basketball court is Cal Ripken Jr.'s batting cage, featuring a 1950 Bradley pitching machine given to him by his father, Cal Ripken Sr. Clearly, the whole family believes in change that goes to the bones.

These are also sports-hockey goals and sticks stored in a room next door and a machine that can feed Ripken tennis balls if he gets tired of hitting baseballs or punishing himself on the exercise equipment and playing full-court games of basketball with his buddies. Perhaps as a hour from here, in Washington, D.C., baseball's negotiations are still locked in a fierce war over control of the game.

So no one knew what the start of spring training would look like: whether it would begin with patriotic suits or with real ballplayers. And no one could guarantee what baseball would look like on April 5, when the season was supposed to start and Cal Ripken Jr. was to begin his graceful and noble pursuit of Lou Gehrig's record of 2,130 consecutive games.

But on a high, beautiful hill in Reisterstown, six months from when he played his last baseball game, Ripken is driven, by the same sense of intent within the walls of that wonderful world he has created as he is his baseball. Cal Ripken Jr. wants to play.

He does not ever want to stop.

"You have to understand," he says. "When I was a kid, I never raised my hand to come out."



**Arnold** He'll never wonder if he could have played more.

ON THE BALCONY, ON ALL THE days and nights when he has gotten one more game closer to the man he calls Mr. Gehrig, he has always been a picture of quiet grace, playing the game with cool and efficient brilliance. Ripken comes from the Baltimore area, which is Babe Ruth's birthplace, but as he approaches Gehrig's record, he is more like Joe DiMaggio in shyness than anything else.

But just a baseballist in his hands and Cal Ripken Jr. is not just a developing sporting basketball animal; he is a big, hairy four-year-old kid. He does not find more joy for baseball than he does for baseball. He just lets it out more. This winter, in which the off-season from baseball seems to have lasted forever, he plays ball six days a week. There is his Monday-Wednesday Friday group and his Tuesday Thursday Sunday group.

Today's game is at two o'clock. We have already played one-on-one at seven. There is a three-point line, and I tell you now that I made one three-pointer. Early in my only basket, Ripken didn't give this fan of courtesy after that. When he had the ball, he dribbled between his legs, he dribbled between my legs, he dribbled and reverse-dribbled and raised them in front of me. And made more. Most of it laughs.

We laugh playing, and he is leaning against the wall that baseball codicils on his hip. His hair is thinning, but his face is years younger than the hairline. Up close—not from the distance of the state—he eyes are striking enough to be called Paul Newman-blue. Before I left, I would tell him that I had been planning to take my kids to Disney World at the end of the month. But now I just wanted to come back to his house for a few days.

Ripken chuckles. "I carried the idea around for a place like that practically my whole life," he says. "When I was a kid, I decided that someday I wanted to have an indoor facility of my own." That is the word he uses, finally.

"I'd tell my mom about it, because my mother has always been good at dreams. Right from the start, she told me that I'd need a converted barn. So on my head, I always pictured myself buying a big spread like that, with a barn somewhere on the property. And, when I got married and we started looking around, I was always telling the agency, 'It's

# John's losing his hair. His mission: get it back.

ASAP?

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Weaving? No.

Transplant?

Not for him.

A hairpiece?

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Side effects were minimal. 2% of those who used *Rogaine* had irritation of the scalp. (Ninety 2% of those using a placebo)



See next page for important additional information

reported the same minor irritation.) *Rogaine* should only be applied to a normal, healthy scalp that is not infected or irritated.

#### Make a commitment to see results.

Studies evaluate *Rogaine* at least 4 months of twice-daily treatment with *Rogaine* are usually necessary before there is evidence of regrowth. So why not make it part of your normal routine when you wake up and go to bed, like brushing your teeth.

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*Rogaine* is a treatment, not a cure. So further progress is only possible by using it continuously. If you stop using it, you will probably shed the newly regrown hair within a few months.

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## EXECUTIVE SUMMARY

Stanley Bing

# Information Underload

We read, access, and download. How come we still don't know anything?

**A**S A BUSINESSPERSON, I crave information. I can never get enough of it. I've always gotta get more of it. Ladle it up, chow it down, that's me. "Cause information is good, you know. Information is power. Information is money. Information is a fat slice of layer cake you've got to eat right now. Information is on the highway. Information is on the freeway. Bring on the progeny! Bring on the information—the lifeblood of the people! Keep it comin'!

So it pains me to tell you that I have in my possession a tiny little suggestion of pronouncement that I'd love to have you to have. It belongs to me. I don't have to disclose it. It would be bad business if I did. It's not material in any legal sense; so I'm under no ethical or legal obligation to do so. Fortunately for me, the Constitution doesn't mandate your access to it. It's mine now, and if things go well, it'll stay mine until I choose to tell you about it.

You can console yourself with the thought that we precision cubed information is really nothing but a mirror of a hunch of some thing that may someday, if certain other variables fall into place, turn out to be a fact. When and if that happens, the job of potentialists will end and begin. There will then be information. Get it early and you'll think you know something when in fact you won't. You'll know nothing like you'll know more of nothing. That's the information revolution in action.

Please note I'm sitting at my desk on the thirty-seventh floor, staring out at the city stretching and holding vapor all around me. There's nothing much I can do right now. Just want to see how Sig Wink is going.

to deal with a grotesque silting of the embryo of enforcement you're trying to keep from you. It's not the thing itself, it's seldom a wolf. Sig Wink.

I all sorted yesterday at 2:37 p.m. It was a day much like any other, which was to say from hell. Then the phone rang. It was Larry Blair, reporter. Now, Larry Blair could be his real name or maybe not. If you know a Larry Blair, perhaps it's he. Let's pretend it is because it could be, and nobody's proved it's not.

"Hello," I say into the receiver. I like this as a response because it conveys no information whatever.

"Stanley Bing?" the reporter says via the phone. "Larry Blair. Good morning." I know immediately it's a trouble. He's in his Bob Woodward-in-his-bat, chasing down an enormous scoop for *The Daily Planet*. "I have a very good source close to the negotiations who told me you people are getting together with a consortium of players to buy Romania. I wonder if you'd like to get a comment in before we go to press."

I had a look. It's like, completely without foundation. Romania's growth vectors are way south of any serious negotiation candidate on our radar. Still, the damn thing met so radically, dramatically

wrong that it couldn't be slightly conceivable. These crudely teleprandopods of data pop up all the time. Last week, rumour had it that my entire company was being sold to Ron Perlman. Before that, we were purchasing Ron Perlman. Number was ever true. Of course, on the other hand, they wouldn't announce per se, either, since they could be happening right now in an alternate universe.

"No, Larry," I tell the reporter. "Nothing of the sort is happening, let alone contemplated. You've got a bum steer. Sorry." As I'm saying this, I can feel his cynicism, professionalism, disappointment, and now, suddenly, seeping through the phone and running down the inside of my head. That, too, is quickly monitored. "I'm not telling you whether it's



JOE HILLMAN



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visible, fine. You can tell a lot about a man by his shirt.

Mazy and Bulk

## EXECUTIVE SUMMARY

happening," says Blatt. "I know it's happening. I just want your comment on it. Should I put your name on the record?"

"No, Larry," I tell him. "Nobody believes a denial. What I'm asking you is not a denial. It's an assurance that what you are about to report is not only not happening, it's not going to happen. Not ever. You have had information. Why report it?"

"I have to report it," says the reporter. "I have a source on it."

"Can we go off the record, Larry?"

"Off the record," Blatt says.

"God's honest truth, Larry, this is bogus. And if it appears in your paper, it will create enormous chaos and at least five follow-up stories that will gain in collective weight until it won't make any difference whether it's true or not. All that will matter is what has been reported."

"Uh-huh," says the reporter. He is typing. This makes me nervous. What's he typing? I haven't said anything! I can feel a bubble of bile form in the bottom of my stomach and into my esophagus. What can I do? Stick my brains

"Tell you what, Larry," I say. "If I can find three totally reliable sources who will tell you the absolute truth, will you consider not reporting a completely erroneous story if it's news?"

"It's a big story," says Blatt.

"No, Larry," I tell him. "It's not a story. It's a leak placed with you to benefit the person who leaked it to you. Can't you see that?"

"Well," says Blatt, "you'd have to get me quite a bribe to make me believe that this isn't going down."

"Fine," I say. "We'll be back to you."

At 3 p.m., Blatt talks with Kline, a aggressive player who would undoubtedly be part of the crafting of any such deal. Kline, on the record, says we're not buying Romania. "I can get all the postures I want right here in New York," says Kline. "He typed that," he tells me later. "It was a joke. I hope I don't come out looking like a jerk."

4:07, Blatt talks with a representative of our supreme executive structure in Houston. He is told that "the company does not comment on side rumors and speculation." Then I hear him, be itiles as confirmation of his rumor:

"Larry, talk to three sources with Walt, our chairman. Walt tells him that we are not buying Romania but

lets him know that we could, if we wanted to. I later learn, Blatt takes as confirmation of his source:

"S

o, Blatt talks with three of our operations VPs from around the nation who tell him why it would be stupid and dangerous for us to buy Romania and that as far as they know, we are not doing so. Then I later learn, he takes as confirmation of his source, since none of the confirming parties are in a position to know what might be going on behind their backs:

"5:55 I have a vodka and tonic on the train."

5:55 I am having a vodka without tonic at the leather table. My daughter is doing her math homework. My son is wrestling with our cocker spaniel. My wife is cooking something that smells good. The phone rings.

"I'm about ready to put this

thing to bed, Sue," says Larry Blatt. My editors want me to put you down whether, even though you say it's not happening right now; you think it could happen. It's well known that Romania is in play. There are tremendous opportunities to restructure it and make it profitable. The guys make perfect sense as a buyer. So... could it happen? What do you think?"

"Could it happen? Sleep could be at some point, Larry. Anything is possible. What I'm telling you is that it is not happening. Doesn't that make any difference to you?"

"So what you're telling me is that it's not impossible for something like that to happen," says the reporter.

"My daughter has begun to sing, 'What's the frequency, Kenneth?' very loudly and dance around the room, bumping into things. My son is building. What's Blatt saying to me? There's a dab of spaghetti in front of me now. I think that's to be ever-

"Not impossible, Larry?" I say. "Are you in the business of reporting what is not impossible?"

"Honesty, Sirs. I have this monster space to fill, and it's really live in the day. Do you have any final comments?"

"Comments? On what? We're in a growth mode. I say weeping is a result of common sense from my chin. "Any one can move within our industry is interesting to us, but we're not about to do anything in the near future. I hope you'll be careful to characterize any

thing that you wrote, Larry, as a rumor."

"I need a picture of your chairman... what's his name?" says the reporter.

"No picture, Larry. You don't need an illustration of something that's not happening."

"Maybe we have one in the file," he says and hangs up.

The was lot right. This is now. The stemless nail is placed on my desk. Ah, here it is. Sig Wohl. And, oh, look! Right there on the home page is our logo next to a screaming headline that reads: ROMANIA SHOCKED! Underneath that banner is a smaller headline that reads: ANYTHING COULD HAPPEN SAYS TOLDO CO. PRESIDENT. There is a picture of Walt in the box. The story itself is two hundred words, tops. It jumps to another page, where the ranover takes up a quarter of an inch.

Industries since today employed as an inserted portion of the entire nature of Romania by the Toledo Corporation. Romanian officials could not be reached for comment although they have in the past expressed interest in any scenario after the purchase of the controversially challenged Eastern European nation which was caused for months and reported on constantly in that paper, comes as a consequence of great global expansion for American companies. Industry consolidations also continue apace. In the past months, the Kortni Company merged with Elvita Products. Derry Brothers, too, acquired by Northstar Manufacturing and in the largest sale at alone. Victor grabbed up Bluebeam once a leader in the global distributor role of the former. This acquisition could put Toledo in the top ranks of these companies both domestically and abroad. We were a growth mode, and Stanley Jing, president of Toledo. Any comment now within our industry is interesting to us." Few words to say, the reporter names two sources close to the negotiations indicated that a formal announcement would be forthcoming.

Not a bad story. I almost believe myself. I wish I could tell you more but I have to get going. There's a reporter on line one from the Wall Street Journal who is angry with me for not giving her the story first. There's another from the Times who wants to make sure they're spelling Walt's name right. And a couple crew from CNBC is waiting in the lobby. I told them not to come, but they're here anyway, and I don't blame them.

The people have a right to know. ■

# unparalleled



## unlike the rest

ellesse.

# un paralleled

Unparalleled -  
Malik Yoba  
Unanticipated -  
Tianamen Square  
Unweaving -  
Winston Churchill  
Unequaled -  
Shakespeare  
Unexpected -  
Woodstock  
Unbound -  
Hemingway Andrew  
Unsettling -  
Poe's "The Raven"  
Unorthodox -  
Lenny Bruce's Comedy  
Unyielding -  
Sherlock Holmes  
Unmistakable -  
Ellesse



Malik Yoba

Malik Yoba, star of the hit movie, "Goon Warriors" and Fox TV's hot new police drama, "NY Undercover", gives a solid performance when he's "on stage". But what Malik gives off camera is just as impressive. Since 1989, he's been a major force behind the CityKids Foundation, an organization that helps children from all backgrounds by inspiring them and boosting their self-confidence. At Ellesse we salute all the successes of Malik Yoba, both big and small. On a professional end, he's Unstoppable to give all the best. And that makes him "Unique the Rest."

**ellesse** 

# un bounded



Unbounded -  
Liv Tyler  
Unforgettable -  
By Nat King Cole  
Unfathomable -  
Einstein's Theory  
Unbeatable -  
Seinfeld  
Untimely -  
John Lennon's Death  
Unpredictable -  
Hitchcock's "Psycho"  
Unexplained -  
Stonehenge  
Unseen -  
End of the Cold War  
Unprecedented -  
Brown vs. Bd. of Education  
Uncommon -  
Ellesse



Liv Tyler

## INCREDIBLY unparalleled

By the time her peers were working at their first jobs, Liv Tyler was already conquering her second career. After a brief, but highly successful stint as a cover girl, Liv went on to star in three movies and a hot new music video. Her latest role as acting professional. Incredible, when you realize she's only 17. We congratulate Liv on all she's done. And envy looking forward with admiration to all we know shall accomplish. After all, Liv Tyler is an actress with Uncommon talent. A beauty with Unbound energy. And that makes her "Unlike the Rest".

Unlike the rest

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un  
compromising



Uncompromising  
Sebastian Junger  
Unrelived -  
Jimmy Hoffa  
Unknown -  
Black Holes  
Uncharted -  
Melody  
Unsurpassed -  
"Casablanca"  
Unconventional -  
Warhol's Soup Cans  
Undeniable -  
Muhammad Ali's Left  
Unearthly -  
Andromeda Galaxy  
Uncertain -  
San Andreas Fault  
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Sebastian Junger

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Junger, heads toward it. Whether  
he's investigating and describing the  
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an unorthodox approach, he's Unafraid to  
chronicle the Uncharted and the Unknown. And  
that makes Sebastian "Unlike the Rest."

unlike the rest

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**un**like the rest

"The rewards for breaking

the rules can sometimes be  
greater than the penalties."

Audrey Hepburn - *Giant* (1956)



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Christopher Byron

# Happily Ever After

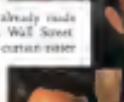
There's lots of shady characters  
 Lots of dirty deals . . .  
 It's the lure of easy money  
 It's got a very strong appeal

—“SMUGGLER'S BLUES”

**I**T WAS JUST ABOUT ten years ago—November 1984 to be precise—that *Forbes* magazine published an article called “Taking in Earl Other’s Laundry.” It was the media’s first in-depth look at the phenomenon known as junk bonds, and it introduced us to a Drexel Burnham Lambert bond salesman in California whose network of buyers had already made him the most feared and envied force on Wall Street: Michael Milken. In a way that many was the curtain raiser to the insider trading scandals of the 1980s. Now a decade later, it seems as if the 1990s would be a more interesting time if only it had its own really first-rate financial scandal. After all, there’s nothing quite so heating as the discovery of fibulous wrongdoing in high places.

Like Whiggate the insider-trading scandal began small—with the disclosure that a Drexel executive named Dennis Levine had been trading through offshore accounts on insider information about pending junk bond-financed takeover deals. Like Whiggate, one thing led to another, and before we knew it, a world of white-collar corruption had hatched into view: it stretched from the corner offices of Wall Street to boardrooms across America. In the end, more than five hundred companies—from Warner Communications and Turner Broadcasting to RJR Nabisco, Miramax, Viacom, and MCI—were touched either directly or indirectly by the affair. For the first time ever, Americans by the millions became absorbed in the ins and outs of high finance.

The scandal proved to be as richly textured as a Tolstoy novel, complete with a



about Drexel had Boesky's hand full of cash in the lobby of the Plaza Hotel. And there was Goldman, Sachs arbitrageur Robert Breman, who wound up pleading guilty to mail fraud in a complex plea bargain after being unfairly accused of receiving insider information with the bizarre comment “Bear bunny has a good nose.”

But where are they now? The disgruntled principal (top) Michael Milken, Ivan Boesky, Randolph Graham, James Stewart, Tim Taylor, Fred Joseph, who landed a job at Thomas’s Beverly Hills office and became the firm’s first casualty, was convicted of perjury and obstruction of justice and spent six

Where are they now? The disgruntled principal (top) Michael Milken, Ivan Boesky, Randolph Graham, James Stewart, Tim Taylor, Fred Joseph

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## MONEY TALKS

media in pieces. At last report, she had restored her education.

The chief prosecutor in the scandal, on the other hand, Rudolph Giuliani, used the affair as a stepping stone to the mayor's office in New York. Writing careers were launched as well. Much of the heat coverage of the scandal was in *The Wall Street Journal*, whose Page One editor at the time, James Stewart, wrote a best-selling book on the affair. Dan Balow and is now at work on a book about Whatever. And an entire cottage industry of defense lawyers grew rich off the scandal: as did at least one PR firm, New York's Robinson Lake, Lesser & Mooneyberg, which represented Milken.

But, surprisingly, many of the sexual affairs in the affair never really left Wall Street at all—or least not for long. They're still making stocks, bonds, and commodities as if the scandals of the 1980s were little more than a temporary, albeit embarrassing, interruption in the relentless search for money and power.

Todd Joseph, the CEO of Drexel. Although he presided over the collapse of one of the richest firms on Wall Street, he now heads a start-up venture-capital operation called Clawsbridge Capital Corporation. Tim Tolson, a young Kohlberg Kravis Roberts partner who was falsely accused of insider trading by Martin Siegel, was arrested by federal agents one afternoon as he stepped from his shower. He had to spend almost three years clearing his name. Did he flee from an industry that had brought him such harassment? Hardly. He's reading, commanding, and boasting out of his home in Toluca.

And Bob Peterson, the Goldman, Sachs risk arbitrageur. He served four months in jail and was barred from the securities industry for three years and fined \$1 million. Enough to make him quit the game? Not quite. He's back in the market, raising what a friend calls "very big money" for himself out of his home in Rye, New York.

The more notorious figures in the affair—including Louis Lévitt, and of course Milken himself—were forced for life from the securities industry. But technically speaking, that means only that they can't be employees of licensed broker-dealers or sell investment advice or services to others through registered investment-advisory firms. As a general matter, they can still buy and sell

stock for their own accounts. And a loophole in the law—which defines investment-advisory firms as those with more than fifteen clients—means they can also legally provide advisory services to fifteen or fewer clients.

That, consider Milton Katsell, who pleaded guilty in 1990 to six felony counts of fraud and was fined \$60 million and sentenced to ten years in prison. The fine wasn't as severe as it sounds, since \$10 million of it could well have been tax deductible. In any case, Milken was paroled after twenty-two months and promptly returned to managing his family's still-sizeable personal fortune, much of which consists of partnership interests in various junk bond deals he put together while at Drexel.

When I last saw Milken, last summer, he was suffering from prostate cancer and looked like hell—thin, pale, and weak. "Mike," I said, sounding my hand, "how are you?" Returning a glum-eyed stare, he answered, "Fine. Chicago, right?" Then he would nod, seemingly assure whether the man who had hospitalized him was a no-pain or a long-forgiven bond buyer from the Midwest. His lawyer, Richard Sandler, says Milken's health has improved since then. "He's coming along," he says. "He's holding his own."

By contrast, the man who became the government's strongest witness against Milken—John Bousky—has never looked better. At various times since he met out of the line, his lawyers have pleaded poverty on his behalf—most recently in 1990, when Bousky sued his wealthy ex-wives, Suze and Diane, for divorce, seeking \$10 million in support payments. Yet almost from the moment Bousky was sent to prison in 1991 and barred for life from Wall Street, rumors have circulated that he had hidden millions in Switzerland. Now, in a new book, *Selling the Stock*, Gary Margolis reports that Bousky is back in business, managing close to \$1 billion on Wall Street for various clients through a Netherlands firm he still controls.

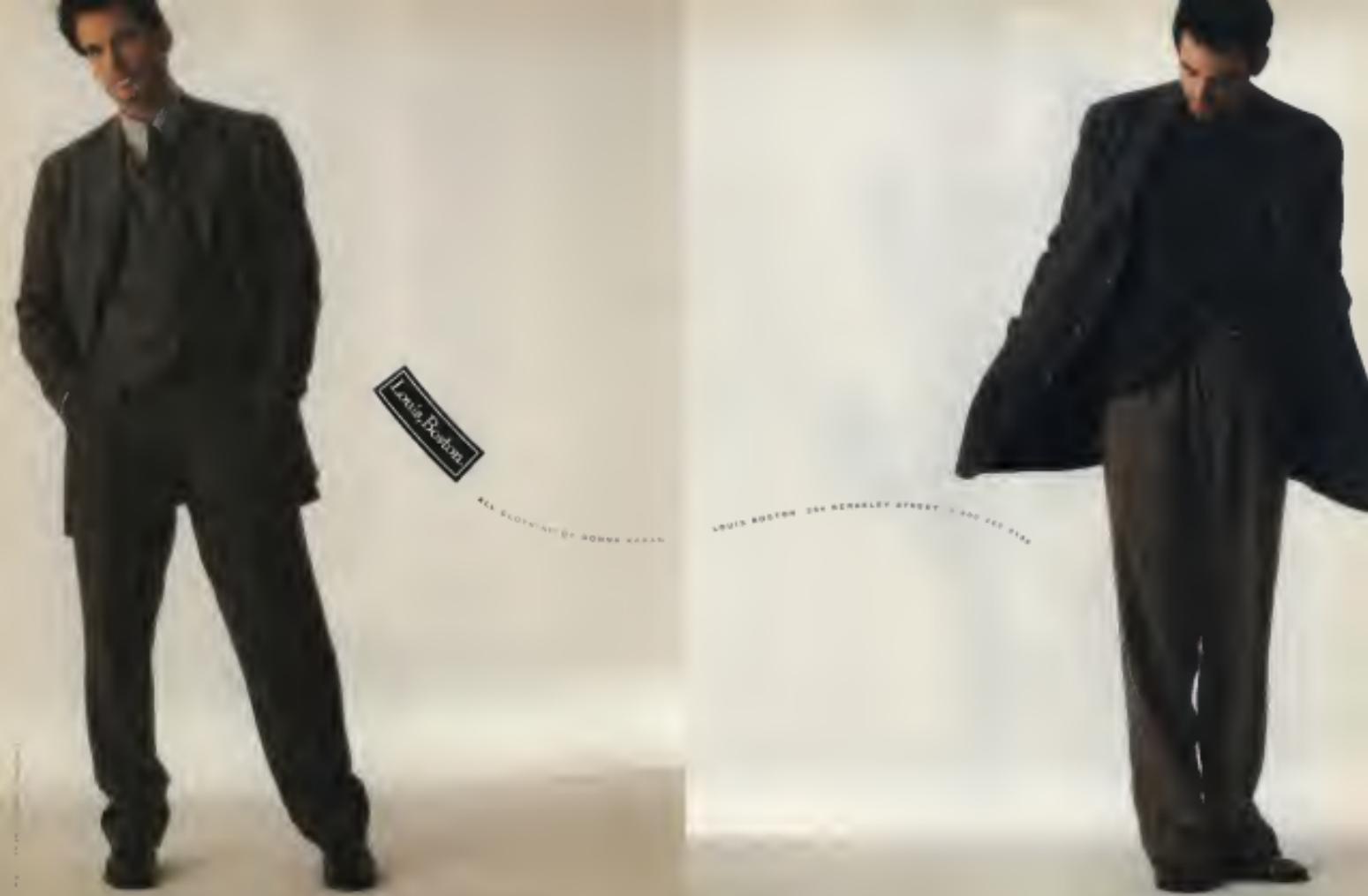
"I am comfortable and quite content," Bousky tells Margolis. The cog now wears occasionally sports his dour, mucky Manhattan restaurants, looking toward, rarely dressed, with a full head of impeccably groomed white hair fanned. As the song says, "It's the love of easy money / It's got a very strong appeal." \*

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# The Survivor

Smart people in Washington used to say that the time would never be right for **Bob Dole** to be president. Most of those people have moved on. Dole's still here. BY WALTER SHAPIRO

**C**ONSIDER THE CASE for Bob Dole as a classic lonely guy. His high octane wife, Elizabeth, is up in Carmel bridge for a meeting of the Harbord Board of Overseers on that Friday in early February. The San Francisco majority leader sits alone in their two-bedroom Washington apartment in the Wharfie with only his dog, Leader, for company. Sure, he's just flown back from taping the Letterman Show in New York. But, nah, he's not going to watch it. Not the Bobster He figures I was there, I've seen it. But Elizabeth might call when it's over—call me what she wants. And half-right as well stay up.

So for the first time in his life, the seventy-one-year-old three-term presidential candidate sits through a full hour of David Letterman's more his style. Letterman's well a bear or two different Washngtn. Dole says that he was a bit nervous at the way slouching his staff-written lip-bean list in his good left hand. Said on the show that he was run-

ning for president. No secret there, can't be any. Letters made it into a big deal, her new. Good publicity no harm. Bear call Elizabeth just to be sure. She says I was great. Guess it was pretty good, than. Now, Dole's too revved up to sleep. Watches CNN. Then he starts fading channels. What's on C-Span? Bill Maher, bright guy. What's he saying about us? Bill'll be over in seventy days from Iowa to the California primary. Pew! Pew! Pew! Will jump in. What's that? Dole and Phil Gramm are going to knock each other off? Strength!

It's like a scene out of an old Rodney Dangerfield routine. Here Dole's Lawrence performance is quickly being blamed to that of Bill Clinton reviving his 1992 campaign by showing his own bare Asshole Hill. Both Neanderthal and Tim are running the ultimate gauntlet of Bob and Dave pointing at their mock campaign button o'clock and busses. The Neanderthal headlines seem destined for a campaign commercial: A REPUBLICAN GETS OUT OF THE CAR. And what a Hitler! Bob doing it to do an afflu- his generation-spurning media giant? Starting at







Dubious Achievements Extra!!!

# Hail to Thee, Newt Gingrich!

Because, frankly, we just couldn't wait until next January

**CAN YOU BLAME US?** short! November, one man has become the world like a column: Dennis Avery Gingrich. Epic book deals, many grade bering, personal histories concerned with the most point of view—the litany of achievements is something. And so, for only the third time in thirty-five years (Howard Hughes and Richard Nixon came before last), we leap onto the breach and present all the Newt that's left to print...

## SADHOW PEOPLE GROW UP!

Newt Gingrich was conceived during his parents' three-day marriage in 1943. "We were married on a Saturday and I left home on a 'Tuesday,'" his mother told *The New York Times*. "I got Newt to those three days."



IN 1962 TO 1964, BUTTIGE  
SHOULD TALK US TO PUBLISH  
DRAFT SKETCH AND SHREWD  
AT MONEY AMSTERDAM

According to Newt's then-colleague, Frank Shuler, Newt Gingrich was an impressionable law student at Emory.

## BET THEY ALL CAME REGGIE'S BACK DIA FROM THE CLOAKROOM WHEN HE STARTED DOING SKETCHES

In 1964, Newt Gingrich gave a television speech in which he accused the members of being "soft" to communism and demanded that they defend their positions. Although he was speaking to an empty house chamber.



SO ME MEN LOOK AT THE  
WORLD AND ASK, "WHY?"  
OTHERS LOOK AT THE WORLD  
AND ASK, "ARE YOU GOING  
TO EAT THAT?"

In his *Remembering America*, Gingrich's cousin, Newt Gingrich described his sophomore year, saying: "I was dramatically shaped by my grandfather and my aunts, because they convinced me there was always a viable alternative. Deep down resilience. I'm like you said, and I wake up and I think, 'Get there. There's a cookie. Every day's a new cookie.' I'm going. You know, it's not easier to believe it's already been bought, but it's in a jar somewhere."

And so that means when you open up the cupboard and the cookie isn't there, I don't say, "Get there, no cookie." They I wonder where it is."

## WE HAVE A NUMBER OF QUESTIONS, SIR

CD WHEN WILL WE GET TO  
GET WEALTHIER?  
CD HOW EXPENSIVE IS SPACE  
TRAVEL, NOW?  
CD IS THE UNIVERSE BETWEEN  
A GUTTY COOK AND A BEER?  
CD CAN YOU STILL GET GUTTY  
HAPPY CHIPS SPECIALITY RESTAURANT?  
CD IF YOU NEED A SWEATER  
AT NIGHT?  
CD DO GUTTY WE JUST  
PLAYED BARTENDER FREE  
OF THE PLANET?  
CD HOW ABOUT IF SO GUTTY  
FARTS AND WE POLLUTE?



THE WAY WE REMEMBER IT:  
KITTY WAS A WHORE, ODD  
WAS MY ALCOHOLIC,  
MARSHALL DILLON WAS A  
GUTTY COOK, AND CHESTER  
SPENT A LITTLE TOO MUCH  
TIME WITH THE GOWNS

Discussing visitors to TV in 1964, Newt Gingrich said: "Gutty" mostly meant had very little visitors. It was really sort of a soup opera with cowboys and people just around the station and talked with [John] Wayne, and I was dropped by.

The show did not begin with people prying prying [CD] or the material saying, "One can't get involved. He [CD] will get away."



NEWT DESCRIBING  
A STAIRCASE

## EVERYONE WHO CALLED HIM THAT IS NOW EITHER MISSING OR DEAD

Gingrich's family members revealed that Newt Gingrich has four uncles: Newt, House, and Pig Norton.



## RIGHT AFTER HE PASSED KILLING THE OL' PULL-MY-FINGER-HAD- MADE-A-FREE-HOUSE TRACK

Explaining the origin of his political beliefs, Newt Gingrich said, "My uncle... taught me to hate Communism and to hate the television and to hate Adlai Stevenson."



## MAY WE RECOMMEND:

**YES AGAINST HHS**  
FLAMECAULIN, FOR CALL  
THAT A HHS DEPARTMENT  
NOT A SUB-CABINET, BY  
MICHAEL AND JANE  
SONCHIKELGRUBER; IT NEVER  
HAPPENED, AND EVEN IF IT  
DID, HHS WOULD STAY AND  
FIREWALL IT. IT WOULDN'T  
SEEM MUCH. HHS RAISES  
PROBLEMS, BY ERNESTINE  
SCHMIERER; WAPPEN UP,  
BUT; FRANKLY, WE'RE A  
LITTLE JEALOUS, BY ALLEN  
GRAND KLECKLER; ROB  
WALTERS AND FORMER  
TENNESSEE GRAND EMPIRE  
WIZARD RAY, HOW BUSHY'S  
FAULTS OF THE  
HOLOCOST, VOL. 2; WHERE  
WERE THE AFROPEANS?



## THE \$4.5 MILLION QUESTION

*Editorial* wondering  
or possibly speculating  
How much the call?



BRUCE DALE SHOWED HIS  
COULD-DO-BEST DEMOCRATS TO  
THE HIGHEST STANDARDS OF  
MEDIAZITITUDE ...

In 1986, Newt Gingrich, another House speaker, Jim Wright of Texas, was indicted because of a book entitled Wright had signed that recommended House rules on off-duty income. The charges led to Wright's resignation.

... SIX YEARS LATER, WITH  
\$4.5 MILLION ON THE LINE,  
WE PROVED HIMSELF TO BE  
MORE FLEXIBLE ...

In November 1991, Newt Gingrich signed a book deal with HarperCollins and claimed it had nothing to do with the ongoing House speaker dispute. Mandel, who was facing reprimand charges in his committee of the House.

... CONFIRMATION HIS  
CRITICAL, HE DEMONSTRATED  
THAT HE WAS NOT ONLY IN IT  
FOR THE MONEY ...

After being named to his book deal, Gingrich self-published his \$4.5 million advance in exchange for his book deal and the regulars the book would earn.

... HE ALSO WANTED TO  
MEET HEATHER LOCKLEAR

Newt Gingrich later admitted that he had sex with Heather Locklear and Fox's chief lapdog, Preston Parker, around the time his book deal was being negotiated.

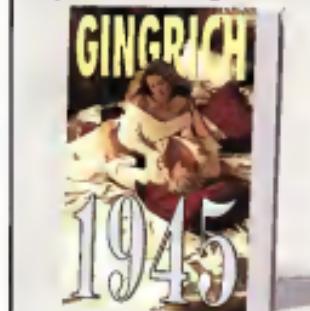
## SUCH AS "WHEN'S LUNCH" AND "WHAT'S THE BUZZ COMING?"

Describing the advantages of space stations in his 1964 book, *Wonders of Opportunity*, Newt Gingrich wrote of the "possibilities of weighlessness to people currently restricted to wheelchairs" and reported that when you discuss this potential with paraplegics, they "begin asking questions in an odd but  
friendly tone."

## IF GENE CHARLIE HAD COME UP WITH THIS, YOU'D HAVE MADE FISH OF HIM

Thinking further on space exploration, another member of Congress, a Newt Gingrich, wrote that a "science system" could provide the light equivalent of many full moons so that there would be no need for nighttime lighting of the highways.

## WHILE THE REST OF THE WORLD WAS MAKING WAR, ONE MAN WAS MAKING LOVE



## The Erotic New Best-Seller by **NEWT GINGRICH**

"... After retirement for the third time..." —Alvin Sargent, *The Emanuel*  
"... Withings Washington the way it really is, in all its naked power,  
lust, and pleasure... showing, raw, and realistic" —Suzanne R. West  
"... it's a hit... it's a smash!" —Bill Monroe  
"... These days at the New York Times, if they don't like it, they'll publish it.  
With positive and... Ing in it!" —Oscar Armento  
"... Now is the time for us to take back our country again. For... Suzanne Westcott"



## AND THOSE DRIVING GROW UP TO BE ADVICE AND REICH FRIENDS

In 1989, Newt Gingrich spent \$15,000 in the Atlanta Zoo to buy a pair of rare Komodo dragons.

**WE'LL GIVE YOU \$4.5  
MILLION MOTTO PUBLISH IT**  
Newt Gingrich purchased a yet-to-be-published Washington novel, 1945, in which a woman has an affair with the presidential chief of staff.



### EXCUSE ME, PROFESSOR GINGRICH, WILL THIS BE ON THE TEST?

Distracting women in need during his freshman American Civilization course, Newt Gingrich said, "I don't mind being in a ditch because I have biological problems staying in a ditch for thirty days because they get infections and then does I have upper-body strength. On the other hand, men are basically like pigeons you drop them in the ditch they will recover in it, I don't mind if I number man is being in a ditch because I have biological problems staying in a ditch for thirty days because they get infections and then does I have upper-body strength."

**STILL, YOU'RE NO BABE RUTH STRIKEZANO**  
Commenter on his blog in 2010, Newt Gingrich said, "I am now a lame-duck senator. I represent real power!"

### ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS JUMP AT THE SAME TIME AS ERIC LEBRONJA

Discussing his cabin in 1995, Newt Gingrich said, "I want to shift the entire planet."



**BUT WHOM EVER SAID A MAD WORD ABOUT CHARLIE ROSE?**  
Attacking the Corporation for Public Broadcast, Newt Gingrich said, "Newt Gingrich called me the 'big bird' on Charlie and said I had 'Barney' to discuss us." (Editor's note: Barney is "higher than Jay Rockefeller.")

### SO THAT'S WHY LEON'S ALWAYS SITTING OUT FOR BHO—CRUSH

Newt Gingrich charged that last year Leon Panetta used to place stakes in guns on the nightstand next to his grandfather's bed in advance of

### TODAY HOLLYWOOD, TOMORROW PBS?

While visiting Newt Gingrich in Washington, D.C., Arnold Schwarzenegger addressed to him as "our leader."

### YES, COMMANDER, THE IMAGINES ARE SLAMMERING FOR A CAPITAL-GAINS-TAX CUT!

Speaking to the House Ethics and Rules Committee about the American Health Care Act, Newt Gingrich said, "I am a grown-up revolutionary. They are the greatest revolutionaries."

### THESE DAYS, HE JUST WHISPERS, "GOD DAMN, I HAVE SUPERNOVA POWER!"

At a Newt Gingrich event in place stakes in guns on the nightstand next to his grandfather's bed in advance of



### LET'S GET AWAY FROM ITTY-FOOT, CLOTHING, AND SHREKIES

Speaking to the House Ethics and Rules Committee about the American Health Care Act, Newt Gingrich said, "I am a grown-up revolutionary. They are the greatest revolutionaries."

### LET'S BE FAIR . . .



**As our movement of balanced and responsible journalism, we must fervently pray to consider the good side of this disengaged and problematic account.**

### WELL, AT LEAST HE'S NOT A DRAFT DODGER

Newt Gingrich admitted that when he was twenty-one, he tried to avoid the draft by getting a party to New Orleans. "I just have no effect on me," he said. *The Washington Post* in 1987 "as a member of the House I never went back and complained."

### WELL, AT LEAST HE BELIEVES IN FAMILY VALUES

Using student and marriage documents, Newt Gingrich avoided serving in the Vietnam War.

### WELL, AT LEAST HIS RED CRIMING GOVERNMENT

In 1980, the day after Newt Gingrich's first wife, Jackie, had had cancer surgery, he visited her in the hospital to discuss abortion.

### WELL, AT LEAST HE PERSONAL FINANCES ARE BUYING REPRECACH

After promising to not ever increase the budget, Newt Gingrich did exactly that. House speaker's budget by 40 percent.

### WELL, AT LEAST HE'S A GOOD CHRISTIAN

During the House banking scandal, it was revealed that Newt Gingrich had overseen a twenty-two-week check, undesignated for \$9,400 in the 1998 election.

### WELL, AT LEAST HE'LL GO DOWN!

Discussing religion in 1994, Newt Gingrich said, "I am a sinner."

### ON THE OTHER HAND, WASN'T SHE GREAT IN BED?

When asked why he would invite his first wife, Jackie, Newt Gingrich held a friend.

"She was young enough and pretty enough to be the wife of a president. And besides, she was funny."



**38-IF SHE GETS CANCER**  
In a 1980 interview, Newt Gingrich gave his second marriage a 35-40 chance of lasting.

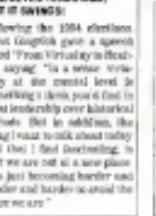
### MAKE THAT 28-40

Discussing problems in his second marriage, Newt Gingrich said, "The Washington Post" "I really spent a period of time where, I suspect, I tried three or four times to make it work. Who likes flowers and the flower-like Mrs. Hess? That's what I found frightening: plants that related to my wife."



**CELEBRITY NO MORE THAN HUNDRED FIFTY-FIVE THOUSAND GUYS WHO GOT KILLED OFF**

Referring on not going to Vietnam, Newt Gingrich said in 1996, "Given everything I believe in, a large part of me thinks I should have gone over. Part of the question I had is that if I had gone, what difference would it have made?"



### BEAUTY SECRETS OF HELMET NEWTON

The revolution's four-step plan to perfect, third-wave hair



**NEW HAIR TO THE RESCUE,** the revolution's four-step plan to perfect, third-wave hair



**THE BEST-EATING-GIRL** **APPROPRIATE**

Newt Gingrich said that the best-eating girl could be killed if the players and coaches were in a related project and watched the film *Field of Dreams*.



### What's on your Powerbook?



### Newt Gingrich, Speaker of the House

Contact with America with the special interests  
Paper-Machado  
E-mail address  
What I wish I had  
about his life

What I really think about  
Hillary Clinton

English—Thurmond,

Thurmond—English

decency

The amazing new Sarah

Blau told me above the 60s

hi—opera plan

Reef for "long hard chain

Gangs speech

It's better to open Japan

The Secret Life, phase II-X

When Alex Trebek came

in to say

### "Lewy" Housewife Person

Contact with America  
Database of my degenerate  
children alphabetically  
by state

List of government-  
assistance programs whose  
studen'ts I wish to stud

Map of states in Republican  
neighborhoods in which

I am welcome

Restaurant with the  
best Democrats

Qaeda for Windshield-  
(soda-cue-migration)  
spreadsheet

Trudy Kennedy's  
E-mail address

Parolee in Michael Kerrey  
Where Newt Miller sessions  
In forty-five years

# THE BUZZ ON JOHNNY DEPP

SO HE DATES THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN. SO HE TRASHES THE OCCASIONAL HOTEL SUITE. SO HE GIVES OFF SOME BRANDO. DEAL WITH IT. BY DAVID BLUM

**F**uck you, okay? Just—

Jesus, what a week. You know, you're staying at this hotel, the Mark. It's not your regular place, but come on—you're paying twenty-two hundred goddamn dollars a night for the presidential suite, you think at least they wouldn't look at you funny every time you cross the lobby. Is that too much to ask? Every time... especially this one guy who works there. You can just tell he doesn't like you, he doesn't like you at all. And why? Because you didn't change your jeans or wash your hair?

So it's five in the morning and a couple of million cups of coffee later, and you punch their stupid couch. So what? Technically speaking, you're paying for this couch.

PHOTO BY ANDREW SPENCER, STYLING BY JENNIFER BONFIELD FOR CHARLOTTE AT TOWER RECORDS



CLOSE TO THE EDGE. Depp finds perfect people, living greater-than-life lives—Depp takes his lead from seriously.

Right now you own this couch. And the lamps and the coffee table—oh, sorry was that an answer? Answer: No, you know for the first time you're really enjoying yourself here at the Mark hotel.

The next thing you know you're in jail and all these female cops wear your sunglasses and the papers are making up fancy names to call you. You get your staff back, and it turns out somebody wrote "Fuck you" in your brand book. You were reading that book, man.

It's not fair. You're a nice guy. You pick up the checks, you pay the bills, you help people out. No problem. You're rich and the gold card means you don't have to carry a wallet. You have this thing about staff. You don't want too much of it, but some of it is nice to have, like a good red wine and a fine car and a new pair of jeans once in a while. But you're famous. They know you whenever you go. That means you gotta be careful. Don't care you got a tattoo, they wanna know all about it. And the new one says *KATE MOSS*, right? They touch you more. You stand or sit from a mirror and eat off your hand, and they say it's an urge change. You make one move that makes someone feel it is a good, and then they say you gonna make a hit if you're dead. It's not fair. You try to make good movies, smart ones you find these cool directors who have something to say, and you help them say it. That's it. You realize lines and dialogue in your voice. You just wanna be an artist and make beautiful, important movies and, dare I say, really good-looking women and have a nice house in the Hollywood Hills when you can stash your suitcases—you have to unpack all the time. Who doesn't?

**J**OHN CHRISTOPHER DEPP is making a powerful case for the plight of the American celebrity in the modern age. The thirty-one-year-old actor feels he must do so to correct a false impression held by a substantial percentage of the world's population, who would drop everything to start life over at Johnny Depp. He wants every one to know that driving a fancy sports car (he cruises around Los Angeles in a Porsche Carrera, parking whenever he feels like it and paying the tickets), dating beautiful babes (his current girlfriend is London-based Kate Moss whom he picks off almost constantly to visit), or creating a Sunset Strip nightspot (the notorious Viper Room, just outside of which River Phoenix collapsed from a drug overdose) and making Hollywood movies for a living (but asking price just passed \$4 million) isn't as great as it sounds.

Bengt Isachsen is also what gets Depp arrested last Sept. number for trashing a room at the Mark in New York City. Depp knows his celebrity earned him a travel incident into a media漩涡, and he feels certain it was all to promote a book and help it make on his career.

"It's good for them," Depp says. "Now they can say they have this little bit of history, this ridiculous record of history. They can say, 'We had Johnny Depp arrested. I'd like to talk five people. Have you ever had a bad day? Have you ever been harassed in a passive-aggressive way?' What does it make you feel like? You have no room to breathe."

Some stars are born Brando, some achieve Brando and some, like Depp, have Brando thrust upon them. Depp (whose first name matches that of Brando's own favorite movie roles the rebel biker Johnny in *The Wild One*)

# IN MOVIES, SOME ARE BORN BRANDO; SOME ACHIEVE BRANDO; DEPP HAD BRANDO THRUST UPON HIM.

Have you ever punched a hole in your wall at home? Roads are my home. I live in hotels more than I live in my house.

He pauses as if to allow a mass of home dwellers to consider that remarkable fact.

"If it had been you," Depp goes on, presuming that countless millions out there can hardly resist smacking hard Susan furnace when they're having a bad night, "nothing would have happened. They would have come to the room and said, 'What's going on?' You would have said, 'I'll pay for the damage,' and I'm terribly sorry."

Johnny Depp is pissed off, a fact that may surprise those who know him only through his movies. In a wide-ranging series of performances since 1990, Depp has established himself as a restaurateur and compelling screen presence. In *Ed Wood* Scorsese's *What's Eating Gilbert Grape?* and *Romper Room*, Depp is a tone dramatically removed from his public persona; his tragic characters played up his soft, delicate qualities. This, along with his Cherubic cherubines and wavy long hair, helped Depp make an easy transition to fame.

Like so many young stars before him, Depp now suffers from an aggravated reputation. After *Brando* shooting as soon from James Dean onward, having been struggling to emulate, surpass or, at the very least, get to know the iconic one year old iconomogues of American movies. In Brando's recent autobiography he includes Depp's efforts to mimic his behavior by once cramming up his coat into a ball in a party they both attended. "It struck me that he was imitating something I had done," Brando writes, "and I took him aside and said, 'Don't do that. Jimmy! Just hang your coat up like everybody else.'"

Some stars are born Brando, some achieve Brando and some, like Depp, have Brando thrust upon them. Depp (whose first name matches that of Brando's own favorite movie roles the rebel biker Johnny in *The Wild One*)



**KATE MOSS**  
To her, KATE MOSS  
isn't interested  
in her own  
image or  
Depp's body.

has managed to outdo him in *Don Juan DeMarco* coming out this month. It's the story of a psychiatrist (played by Brando) and a delusional patient (Depp) who believes he is Don Juan. Depp now calls Brando a friend, though his voice almost trembles at the thought of the Large One.

"I think he's one of the greatest minds of this century," Depp says and readily, focusing on one of Brando's lesser-known优点/bests. "Brando never got caught up in the illusion. You go to a Hollywood function and there's fifty million teeth smiling and talking and chomping—it's all teeth and bunches. Fan on the back. I know that 90 percent of the conversation I've had in the past dozen years because they thought I was a good guy. What can you do? There's a game to be played here. You can play it to the hilt and make the piles of money I don't want to be ninety years old and look back and see how full of shit I was. The people I didn't do that."

Depp has been associated with his own contentious set-

of aggressions ever since he became a teen heartthrob in 1987 as the brooding star of Fox's first TV series, *21 Jump Street*. Throughout the last decade, while proving cult classics like *Citizen Smith*, and *Ed Wood*, the press has imposed tendencies to improve the image of an attention-seeking renegade—lounging from the Beverly Center parking garage, blowing gasoline onto an open flame, even yelling at *Kate Moss* in the during hours of New York's Ritz-Carlton hotel, where your naked are known to stare. The events at the Matrix have tapped right into Depp's violent image. "I had a bad night," he says modestly.

"There have been times that he's maddening," says his agent and close friend, Tracey Jacobs of JCM, to whom Depp placed his one phone call from jail. "It's very tough on him down there."

But sometimes bad news turns into good news. Six months later, not even close friends of Depp's believe that the Matrix incident caused any damage to his reputation. One month after it happened, he landed on the cover of *People* and has only complaints about it was the poor choice of the photo ("They used one with bags under my eyes, he means"). He has since been on the covers of *The Advocate* and *Premiere* ranked among America's most desirable people photo by *StarPort* magazine, and nominated for a Golden Globe for *Ed Wood* (he lost to Hugh Grant). In Hollywood, we might never roles beckoned by late January, when Depp finally agreed with Paramount to make *Nick of Time*, a big-budget Hitchcock-style thriller covention by Eliezer Rothman, the screenwriter for *Falling Down*. In it, Depp plays a young professional forced into a political assassination to save the life of his estranged daughter.

Depp is deadly in hardly what you'd expect from an actor whose name has been linked exclusively with the sly-eyed grumpy and oddball. His upcoming movie *Dead Man* is a black-and-white western by independent filmmaker Jim Jarmusch. Depp fantasizes about making a silent film someday in the style of *Silent Film* starring himself as a disreputable John Badham, who probably thinks Jarmusch is a Danish bear. It should be noted, though, that Badham's movies (*Saturday Night Fever* and *WarGames*) often gross more than \$20 million, whereas Depp's movies have been nowhere near as successful. Such distinctions are not lost on Hollywood executives but, despite his low-budget returns, Depp has managed to keep the industry believing he is a star—a star sometimes defined by an actor's talent for keeping his name in the papers.

"The hotel thing hasn't hurt his career," says director John Waters, Depp's loyal. "He looked good under arms. I loved the handbags—they always work." *Citizen*'s movie star is a truly good look for Johnny. Waters adds, "The success of a hood mom making should be calculated by the amount of damage divided by the amount of cocaine taken." When Depp pal Mickey Rourke got thrown out of the Plaza for trashing in some two months later, a *WEEKEND PLAZA* ransom headline in the *New York Post* didn't hurt either. "What's he trying to be?" Nicolas Cage asked the Post, "Johnny Depp?"



**IT'S MEAN IT:**  
First, the Mark  
kinda sorta,  
the Empire says.

# "I LOVED THE HANDCUFFS," SAYS JOHN WATERS. "CRIMINAL IS A REALLY GOOD LOOK FOR JOHNNY."

Something stirred Depp's keen sense for adventure, conflict right after he checked into the Mark early last fall. The worst one of his regular haunts, but when you're in the market for a presidential suit as the last minute, you take what you can get. He'd come to New York in part to do publicity for *Ed Wood*, the Tim Burton project he felt so passionate about that he'd passed up the part of Lester in *Interview With the Vampire* and the lead in *Sybil*. In retrospect, when followed—especially his arms, for two counts of unintended moshing in a giddy dance in draggy swish—did not surprise Depp all that much. Nor did the media response, which resulted in precisely the moniker of history Depp craved: Depp has joined a long, distinguished line of salaried hunkers over masters throughout history—one that stretches back at least as far as Ludwig van Beethoven, who is said to have tossed a chair through the window of his Vienna hotel room.

**D**ID BEETHOVEN go to jail for it? Depp asks the question with an extended blink of both eyes, which to a woman might be an alluring wile, though it also resembles a bizarre facial tic. (After looking at us for something wrong, you start going palsy.) His blue work shirt, white T-shirt and gray jeans do a nice job of not distracting from his face. At the moment, he sits on a black vinyl couch at his blonde-walled Hollywood hangout, the Viper Room demonstrating his perfect ability to be cool without trying. He's almost innocently good at it. Without warning an answer, Depp gets up to pour himself another

cup of black coffee from behind the bar. The guy drinks an enormous amount of coffee. After hanging out with Depp for a while, you start to realize how he seems to be cooler in his head state at five in the morning and maybe a little jazzy.

Across the room, a swing band goes through a sound check on the stage. Tonight is Swing Night—or Martin Night, depending on whom you ask—at the Viper Room. The tiny, dimly lit space will soon be overflowing with members of the Hollywood elite. One couple will command the dance floor while the rest will sip their five dollar drinks and up the cigarette girls Depp has had to re-create the world of Old Hollywood. Between sets the music on the sound system will be big and wild. "My idea was to play Louis Jordan and to segue into the Verve Underground," Depp says. The room has only five booths, one of them permanently reserved for agent Tracey Jacobs, with a gold plaque that warns "no one's fuck with me."

He returns to the booth, and within seconds another cigarette comes out of the open pack of Camel Lights at his right elbow. This pack sits on top of an unopened one. He picks up a gun and pulls the trigger. A flame comes out. "It doesn't always work," Depp says, glancing at the lighter contemplatively.

Depp leaves his repose for a cigarette. He's been in trouble with the authorities since his early days—for breaking into discount at a self-styled delinquent in a blue-collar Florida suburb to an arrest for assaulting a security guard in Canada in 1979. He's well aware that the residents at the Mark supports the public view of him as a misfit, which he doesn't really care about, which is why he sat here this afternoon with shiny cigarettes within easy reach. We passimiously smoke his cigarette vigilantly on the black Formica tabletop.

"Let's just say that my stay there won't particularly be memorable," Depp says. "This may strike those who stay in Mar-a-Lago as a relative term. But for a man who has spent the better part of three decades in jeans and T-shirts, comfort is a top priority.

In Depp's view, the source of his discontent at the Mark was Jan Kuegler. As the hotel's midnight-to-eight security guard, Kuegler saw Depp frequently coming in and out of the Mark's squat, austere lobby. Depp, an amateur, had been out several nights on the town in New York and his peak partying hours coincided with Kuegler's watch.

"I seemed like the guy couldn't stand Johnny," says Jonathan Show, a close friend since the early aughts, when Depp was a Los Angeles rock 'n' roller in the slow lane and Show a local stage artist. "Johnny dressed in leather and jeans and not all fancy like everybody else in the joint." Show remembers that from his own visits to the hotel to see Depp, who confirms the description. "The guy was a little frumpy," Depp says. He decided that he was going to "let me get in the famous guy's feet; I don't really like you too well to that."

The night, Depp was in an suite with showbizie Calvin Klein-babes Kristin Moss. She and Depp had been dating for months. No one had yet labeled them "engaged," but all of Depp's previous girlfriends had eventually been promoted to the title of fiancée, or worse, the bimbos. You were not likely to read DEPP CAUGHT IN LOVE NEXT WEEK.



A DOWDIEGO'S WORST NIGHTMARE: Depp with fellow local-writer teacher Mickey Rourke in the movie

of the century, a certified Depp losing touch by the police in New York.



SURGEON GENERAL: he'd won a hard-earned reputation for sexual promiscuity. At one time or another, Depp had been reported as engaged to Sheryllyn Fenn ("Neither one of us was famous," Depp recalls), Jennifer Grey, and Winona Ryder, who even got herself a spot among Depp's legendary tattoos. Those days may not have yet earned himself a mention on Depp's body, but friends say the two are definitely as love. And they engaged? "I just don't know what that means exactly," Depp answers. "That's just something that you reported." Depp seems almost disengaged over the public's fixation with Moon's weight. "She was like a champ," Depp says sweetly, defending her against criticism of her weighty figure. "She really put it away. Why punish somebody because they have a good metabolism? Because they diger their food better? It doesn't make any sense."

He wasn't drunk or on drugs and he wasn't fighting with Kate Moss. That's all Depp will say about what went on between him and Moss that led up to crushing noises from more than 300 at five this morning. The commotion can mow down Bergman's floor; the security guard told police later that bed-head crushing sounds from inside the room (Bergman referred all questions about the incident to Raymond Buckley, the Marb's general manager, who is reportedly declined to discuss the matter).

"That guy had probably one too many cups of coffee that night," Depp reflects, and he is in a position to know. "He was particularly frisky. He decided to call the shots in a way that I didn't think was particularly necessary if I walk into an antique shop and I bend down to look at something over here and I accidentally knock a pat off the rock it's gonna, of course I'd pay for it. If I have a piece of glass I smash a mirror or whatever, I'll pay for it. I can probably handle the bill. That's that."

Kangan told Depp he'd have to leave the hotel or he would call the police. Depp offered to pay for the damages but argued that he shouldn't have to check out. So Kangan called the police, and by 5:30 a.m., Depp had left, on the even pay of those officers from the Ninth Precinct. (By the time of his release the next afternoon, Depp had occupied three cells at Central Booking, and in the Tombs behind the precinct, New York City police headquarters. Women officers grabbed him at all three.) According to the police report, Kangan listed ten damaged items: two broken government-issued picture frames and prints; a chrome lamp stand, a Chinese pot, a shattered glass table lamp, broken coffee-table legs, broken wooden shelves, a shattered vase, a cigarette holder on the carpet, and a red desk chair.

"Did Johnny do all that?" asks David Beckart, the New York criminal lawyer who handled the case for Depp and who estimates the expenses a gun shoved gormlessly into his pants. "I don't know and neither do they. That crazy damage I guess they asked for was also for what he owned for the room, two nights before, three nights after, something like that. This was a fucking shambles. I wish I could have gone to court on that because no one ever has to do a thing. They put together all the list of damage while he was in custody. Anything could have happened in that hotel room."

But Depp doesn't worry what happened. "It wasn't a great night for me," Depp says. "I'm not trying to excuse what I did or anything like that, because it's someone else's property and you gotta respect that. But you get into a head space, and you're human."

**D**AWN IS BREAKING in the lobby of the Sunset Marquis on West Hollywood. "I kinda laid up on some nicotine," he says without apology. His caffeine of choice tonight: a Coke. The valet parkers here know him and nod happily toward the high-stepping star as they walk past. Depp claims to have lived in every hotel in L.A. at one time or another, including this one, just a few blocks from the Viper Room. As the sun rises, he's living in his Laurel Canyon house for practically the first time since he bought it two months before the 1994 earthquake. He'd been in London during the quake, and it wasn't until somebody asked him, "How did you make out in the earthquake?" that he called and found out his place had been wrecked. It took seven months to rebuild, and now he's back in it, at least until his next departure.

"Hey Johnny?" Standing over Depp is a baldish, pumped-up man in his late thirties with only a passing resemblance to the comedian Andrew Dice Clay, even though that's who he is.

Clay and Depp haven't seen each other for years. They aren't really pals, but they did spend a few months together in Florida in the mid-eighties making a soft-porn comedy called *Private Parts*. Depp has been trying to forget it ever since, but somebody's always bringing the drama chugging along. And now what's he going to do? Clay's here shooting the shit with his old costar Johnny Depp, and you can tell it's all

VERSACE V2  
CLASSIC

prary exciting for a guy when at least a few people in Hollywood are trying to avoid.

"We still see all your movies all except that Ed Wood thing," Clap says. "For a guy whose trademark is the nutty remark, he's surprisingly good at banter. "You're picking great stuff, doing great work. It's great."

"Thanks, man," Depp says. "You look different. You look bigger. You're working out, right?"

"Yeah, but it's my lads. They're a workout," Clap says. "I got two of them. They keep you moving."

Depp needs as if he understands, even though he doesn't. He lights another cigarette.

"Tom left those," Clap says, gesturing at the Camel and explaining that he now wears a nicotine patch. Clap then tells a quick story about a guy whom he'd been telling about Depp's back in the pre-fame days. "The guy called Clap up after he saw Depp's name on the credits for *A江城故事* and said, 'So there is a guy named Johnny Depp I thought you were making it up.'

Depp smiles and exhales. "It's real men," he says.

America first heard his impossibly perfect showmanism in 1991 when he ripped off the lips of every American teenage girl. The son of Julie and Betty Sue Depp, now divorced, had dropped out of high school eight years before and had spent most of his youth touring up his hometown of Miami, Florida outside Miami, where his dad was a public works official. It was no small irony that Depp would shoot to fame at age twenty-four as an underachiever high school senior in *A江城故事*. Only four years earlier, he'd been courageous enough to rock n' roll to pack up his guitar, his wife (Lori Allison, whom he assumed had split from him within a year) and his band (the Kooks) and move to Los Angeles, where he subsisted by selling pens over the phone. "My first acting job I had was with a cyberspace Nudie Cane," he says without hesitation, apparently having mastered the rush menu of Hollywood dancing already.

Depp's movie supports the assassination of yet more stuff. He financed an eleven-minute short film he codirected in 1993, not surprisingly called *Stuff*, one long tracking shot through a house full of messy stuff, in front of graffiti-filled walls, with a rock 'n' roll soundtrack. "I like the idea of my ego and sounds that don't necessarily mean story and plot," Depp says. "My aim is it." Depp followed up in 1994 with an eight-minute movie he directed on his own, *Reindeer Games*, a gruesome but provocative excursion into the world of hard drugs. He hopes to keep driving and is considering his future about a screenplay based on a Gregory Macdonald novel called *The Rose*. "The script needs a rewrite," he says without hesitation, apparently having mastered the rush menu of Hollywood dancing already.

**A**FTER FIVE DAYS AFTER the incident at the Merle, after Depp had taken his biking trip to another New York hotel and unpacked, he glanced inside his copy of the Florida autobiography that had been on his night table and discovered the notes. "Fuck you, Johnny Depp," someone had scrawled on one page. "You're an ass hole," had been written on another. "I hate you, you son of a bitch" had been written on another. The notes went on and on, covering many pages inside the 400-page book. Depp figured it had to be one of the band's odd members. Sometimes guys just want to go in a movie star's face.

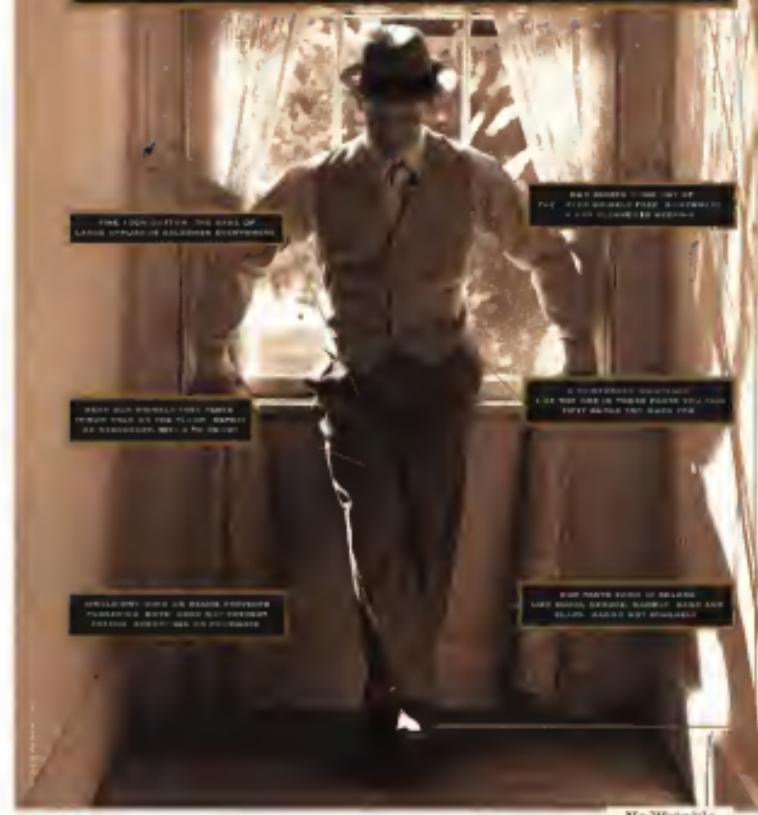
"There are two kinds of fans," Depp observes. "There's the kind who just want your autograph or to say something nice. That's fine. But there are those guys who are too cool for autographs. People try to piss you off. They want to get your attention."

The next night, Depp went with Jonathan Show and some other pals to a divebar he called *Suburbia*. By the next day, had become another headline across Page Six in the *New York Times*: *DEPP FAIR IN EAST VILLAGE BAR*. "It didn't take long for Johnny Depp/his friends to show his wild side again following his hotel brouhaha the other night," Page Six read, saying Depp allegedly sparked a fight. "The men quoted one man's version that Depp 'clammed into me' and said, 'Fuck you.'

Depp tells it differently. "That guy walked past me in the bar. He pulled out what resembled a pistol—but I have a snaking suspicion it might have been a thumb, this gaudy fucking gun—and said something blue. 'Suck my dick.' I'd just gotten out of jail. They'd said, 'You're to stay out of trouble for six months.' Meanwhile, it's less than six hours later my first audience was to... we all have that annual instance of grade-as... your mother. Go for the throat."

No nothing happened. He hit a girl. Who when we go back to jail for that?"

EVERY MAN SHOULD SPEND SOME TIME IN HIS FATHER'S SHOES.  
JUST DON'T BE CAUGHT DEAD IN HIS PANTS.



SAVANE. CUT FROM A DIFFERENT CLOTH.

No Wrinkles

NEW  
SAVANE  
341

# What Goes Up

**A** PHIL AS ELDRIDGE WRITE, is the cruelest novelist, bestowing

bliss on the dead (and, among certain less desirous, the much more), but a virtual doomsday dasher in genes of truly lurid, through some mysterious alchemy. Though our disapprovement has been shared by the opposition to all long and fat weavers of rat-tail camel looks in either our newspaper—or this encounter, supervised by Rachel Williams (below) last night at the University). She's a good-looking woman, easily approachable. She always acts very elegant, picking up and short-ordering things down in an impulsive, her summing up of Write's best throwaway she's been sucking on.

"Ugh," she says. "So terrible! I could choke the wall!"

"I'll get you a cigarette," we reply, our eyes immediately suspicious given the jarringly 1972 San Francisco. But when our focus is broken by a jarringly dead

"They'll kill me," she adds. "And I can't get up."

"Well, you know what we require,"

"No," she sighs. "Not even could still derive fun."

PROPS: RACHAEL & TIMOTHY WRITE

Style and makeup: Carol Lederer.

Model information: The University of Michigan. Photo: Michael J. Johnson. Styling: Michael J. Johnson. Hair: Peter D'Amato. Make-up: Carol Lederer. Production: Michael J. Johnson. Photography: Michael J. Johnson. Styling: Carol Lederer. Production: Michael J. Johnson. Hair: Peter D'Amato. Make-up: Carol Lederer.



AS ERIC MORSE'S DEATH PROVES, NO MATTER HOW HARD YOU CLING TO LIFE ON CHICAGO'S SOUTH SIDE, IT IS OFTEN IMPOSSIBLE TO KEEP FROM GOING DOWN

# Falling



By Adrian Nicole LeBlanc  
Photographs by Eugene Richards

**O**N THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1994, Armond Banks, ten, and Tyrone Johnson, eleven, pushed open the metal doors of Woodlawn East Elementary School on the South Side of Chicago and headed home to the Ida B. Wells projects. It had been more than a year since the season of raining children. So many kids had either fallen, jumped, or been thrown from the windows of high-rise projects that the city's authorities felt compelled—perhaps by the accumulating lawsuits—to take action, and window guards were now being installed. On that autumn afternoon, then, when Armond and Tyrone were

walking home, friends in the projects had reason to believe that if their children were going to die, and their children often did—they wouldn't be falling from high windows.

Armond and Tyrone (not their real names) had become friends years earlier around the time Tyrone's daddy, Tommie Jenkins, got locked up, when they were both living at 537 East Browning Street, right behind the school. Last year, with Armond's father, Wade Banks, also in

prison, the boys spent more time together than ever. Both fathers knew that this was the age when boys started doing "dumb shit"—things that could get you into trouble. Already their sons had been arrested many times, and just a week before that October Thursday, a judge ordered Armond to spend ninety days in home confinement for gun possession. Tyrone's father did not care for the time his son spent with Armond. When Tommy and Tyrone had visited with each other in prison, father had chastised son. "I punched him in the chest," Tommie said. "You have to look out for your brother." When a child gets that age, Tyrone said, "they father will not only clobber out the members of society but he gonna give his rapist to the child." Of course, he had to give his rapist that day in the basement of the Statview Correctional Center.

Armond—small, sleepy-eyed in a too-big T-shirt and dirty jeans—didn't always make it to school. Last year,

prizes, the boys spent more time together than ever. Both fathers knew that this was the age when boys started doing "dumb shit"—things that could get you into trouble. Already their sons had been arrested many times, and just a week before that October

Thursday, a judge ordered Armond to spend ninety days in home confinement for gun possession. Tyrone's father did not care for the time his son spent with Armond. When Tommie and Tyrone had visited with each other in prison, father had chastised son. "I punched him in the chest," Tommie said. "You have to look out for your brother." When a child gets that age, Tyrone said, "they father will not only clobber out the members of society but he gonna give his rapist to the child." Of course, he had to give his rapist that day in the basement of the Statview Correctional Center.

Armond—small, sleepy-eyed in a too-big T-shirt and dirty jeans—didn't always make it to school. Last year,



when his dad had been locked up, he'd usually go out of school days. His friend Tyrone, a dark, wide-eyed boy, wore the navy pants and white shirt of Calabro school not because he went to one but because his mother liked to dress him proper. If Tyrone's father hadn't been in jail, he would have picked his son up that afternoon.

These were supposed to be safe passage home for schoolkids, a human corridor of frosty terrains willing to stand up to the gangs, but no local ranks had shrunk to three women from the Ida B. Wells projects. The women were known by some in the neighborhood as the "match breakers." So the children managed the rule alone among children—children navigating shorter stairs and leather TVs to convenience jingles, eight-year-old boys and girls heading to their fatherless homes to clean and baby sit

and cook.

That October 13, the two friends shadowed the edge of Madolen Park, returning to their homes on the sunny nine-acre tract of Ida B. Wells, the city's oldest public-housing development, a few blocks from Lake Michigan. First built in 1929 as a series of row houses, the complex grew to include the seven-story "towers" and the fourteen-story high-rise. The boys ran through the diagonal concrete lots of the original row-house Ida B., maneuvering around rusted Dumpsters

that gangbangers position along the curving interior roadways to block rival gangs from drive-by stabbings.

As they struggled along the two trials to figure out how to make their neighbors, eight-year-old Derrick Lemon, a peasant of a boy with a shaved head, and his brother, five-year-old Eric Morse, a little scamp, pay for getting them into trouble. Days earlier, Derrick and Eric had been detained for shoplifting. They told their mother, Toni Morse, sharply, that Armond and Tyrone had put them up to it. Toni and her sister, Arlesha Morse, thirty-nine, had passed the word on to Tyrone's mom.

Around 7:00 that Thursday night, Armond and Tyrone spied Eric playing outside with Derrick and joined them. It may have been then that they around the brothers to their clubhouse in a nearby high-rise, six South Langley. The building stands among three similar structures—one now abandoned—in an area known because of the killing that has occurred there, as the K Zone. The four entered the building peacefully, according to the guard. The brothers rode the sagging elevator, Armond and Tyrone took the stairs. To the brothers, this may have seemed a nice no-

**"Holy ground?"** Days from the Franklin Street slayings, residents from across the Ida B. Wells projects, 41 men, 17 women, and 17 children (left to right) take refuge after shooting with police and firemen.

Armond and Tyrone, the climb upstairs may have afforded one last chance to cower on how they would logistics the younger boys. When the baby elevator doors did open on the fourteenth floor—that load of elevators stopped only on odd-numbered floors—the older boys were waiting. The floor proceeded up—one more flight, to the top floor, in apartment 940. The brothers walked in, holding hands.

Like most daydreams in the project, this one required special entry—pushing through the plywood door that had been creaked just a few hours before. Apartment 940 had had its share of traffic since its last resident had vacated in July 1991. Ten of the eighteen units on the top two floors remain unoccupied. Bunker shells in empty spaces, and the higher you go, the more empty space there is. Donald Shulerfield, who lives in the apartment immediately below 940, often climbs the stairs to clear out the teenagers and children. The night before, he'd gone up to find boys knocking a hole in the wall connecting it to the next apartment, in case they had to escape from the police. His wife, Anne, heard only shuffling this night, however—what sounded like a chair—and she said to herself “they’re being quite tonight.”

The older of the following events is unclear. One account has it that Armond ran to an open window. He called Eric over to watch a fight, but it was a trick. The other story is that Armond and Tyrone began beating Derrick, and Eric jumped to his brother's defense. Either way, within moments Armond and Tyrone had seized Eric, one grasping him by the shoulder, the other by the legs, and tried to hang him out the window. They failed according to the police, or true in part because of a window guard. Derrick fought the two boys off, grabbed Eric's arm, and pulled his brother to safety.

But the battle wasn't over. Apparently Armond continued in struggle with Derrick, trying to bat him with a piece of rubble from the punched-out hole. Meanwhile, Armond removed from another window a plywood square stamped with the standard ISSUE RECOMMENDED FOR RETENTION. This window lacked a guard. Shortly after that, Eric was again in jeopardy now dangling from the ledge, clinging to Derrick. Eric was an agile child, but he couldn't hang on forever. Not sure if Derrick able to sustain his grip, especially after Tyrone had his fingers, Eric fell! Tyrone later told his father that when he looked out the window the “bully” was falling backward. By the time Eric Morse, his year-old, forty pounds, fourteen-inch son down, thirty miles per hour at the moment of impact.

As soon as he lost hold of Eric, Derrick flew into the hallway, speeding around corners in the dark stairwell, stumbling, falling. He thought that if he ran far enough, he might catch his baby brother before he hit the ground.

**T**HE RUMORS QUICKLY spread out the building: how the ambulance showed up forty minutes late, how Eric's life could have been saved, how Eric was conscious after he fell and said bystanders what had happened, then died right there on the ground; how Derrick had told a lady on the fourth floor, but she didn't believe him and returned to finish her dinner; how it was drug related, a warning to Erick man to pay a debt; how it was, like many lad's deaths in the B. Wells project associated. Bunker shells in empty spaces, and the higher you go, the more empty space there is. Donald

## 3833 South Langley sits in an area known, because of the killing that has occurred there, as the K-zone.



heards, it appears open-and-shut. If they are found responsible for first-degree murder the word that can happen to the boys is that they'll be sent to an out-of-state located facility until they turn sixteen, since Illinois has no such facility for children their age. In fact, because of this case, the Illinois legislature passed a bill mandating the construction within the state of locked facilities for juvenile offenders under thirteen.

Taya Sae, who has headed Victim Assistance for the Chicago Housing Authority, worked late the night of October 15. The Victim Assistance office—the first in any housing project in the nation—is located on the first floor of 9391. As Taya rushed to the hospital, Taya took care of Derrick. He wanted to talk. He wanted to tell someone,” Taya remembers. “Their mothers really gonna get them, he said over and over. ‘Their mothers’—not the police—“their mothers really gonna get them.”

Derrick told the police what happened, who did it, and where they lived. “I really liked the look,” says Detective James Riley, an investigator on the case. “He was a great little witness, not really hysterical.” Within forty-five minutes of the fall, as it was, the detective had picked up Tyrone and Armond. They were hanging out in a crowd, one block away from the high rise where it happened. A friend of Arlesia Morse's told her that the boys



had bragged about throwing someone out a window, but no one had believed them.

According to the police, Tyrone and Armond—interviewed in separate rooms—at first denied their involvement, blaming older boys, then blamed each other. When told that Derrick had explained what happened, they confessed. Press reports claim that Tyrone came up with the plot.

It was the lack of concern that bothered me,” says Riley. “Either they didn't realize or they didn't care—I can't get inside their heads. So young do you expect a sorry A or at least a crocodile tear? Nothing. That's what sticks to me.”

Armond's mother, Shirley Bascom, thirty-eight, recalls managing to ask her son, “What made you do something like that?” and the response she gave her a nasty look. “He looked at me like I was crazy, as if I have some nerve asking him like that.”

The next morning, Tyrone's father, Tommy, thirty-one, woke up with an odd conviction of trouble. He lay on the mattress in his cell, listening to the radio. His hands began to sweat, his heart started racing right. On the radio, John Davis of Channel Two News reported that the previous evening, a five-year-old had been pushed to his death from a four-story-story window at the B. Wells project, right across the street from where Tommy's boys now lived with their mother, Sandra. “My son have something to do with that!” Tommy thought. Since his childhood was on lockdown, he couldn't even make a call to find out.

**B**Y 1990, Eric Morse became a symbol to the world that never knew him. He was compared to Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.: “He gave his life for something moral” (a “defender” from a local newspaper), a “flower in the desert” (Bill Clinton), and a “naked hero and a saint” (the seventeen-year-old preacher who gave the funeral sermon). To his family, though—that grandmother, mother, eight sisters and under-mother, cousin, and five siblings, including Derrick—Eric remains a boy, dearly loved and sorely missed.

He was a boy who could tell a story right, clear lines the beginning to a satisfying end. “He could tell it,” his aunt Arletta says with pride. She is a very pretty woman, a housekeeper at the Wilson Hotel, who for years had on 507 East Browning, one of the extensions the building where Armond and Tyrone had met. “Without a single word, or a you leave,” she says. “It was like you could picture his stories like a movie. When Derrick tries to tell you about a movie, he says, ok and then, and Eric would push it. Never be quick! Let me tell you! Arletta! He remembered details. I give him one of those Jason movies. Oh, I mean him?”

Eric, just three and a half feet tall, slipped and tumbled his way through the project. He liked the gymnastic mode of traveling. If he stood more than five feet away from you and you called him over, he slipped and tumbled. If he

Be a place of their  
own. With out  
Stories of their  
old father Frank's  
adventures.  
Visited with him  
and the Mc  
Johns property.

made a mistake in his routine, he'd get right back up and flip his way toward you again.

With so many aunts and uncles, the children always had some change. They spent it on candy. Eric would say, "Not a lot, but if you asked, he'd give you something. He didn't hit it if you begged."

Derrick and Eric looked out for each other. Whenever something happened, says Arletha, they came together like quicksilver. But if Derrick did something wrong, soon enough he'd hear his mother yelling for Eric, because Eric was in there for covering things up. "Men, you shoulda told the truth," Eric would tell his big brother. "You shoulda told the police, 'cause you shouldn't do it!" And he'd line up to live again.

Certainly, one thing Derrick and Eric were both reluctant to face is what it was that in late September, they had beaten a few cars to death. They told their aunt Arletha that Armond and Tyrone had put them up to it. Two weeks later, on a Saturday, a store clerk at Jewel's, the only supermarket in the neighborhood, caught Derrick and Eric shoplifting. The manager called their mother, Tora, to pick them up. Again the boys harassed their sisters on Armond and Tyrone and said and they were afraid.

That Sunday Derrick and Eric each received a dollar from their grand mother, Lela Morse, who visited them after attending church. Tora told Lela, "Mama, don't give them any money you're going to spend them," but Lela didn't give her daughter any mind. "They are my grandchildren," Lela says adamantly. "And I give them money if I want." The boys bought nachos with her savings and fake stories of cartoon characters such as Bugs Bunny and Daffy Duck. In Lela's view, Tora had already spoiled Eric, carrying him all over the place for just the sign when he could walk right up until he was two.

On Monday and Tuesday, Tora kept her sons at home. Tuesday night, she decided to confront Tyrone's mother. Reprimanding someone else's children could be a dangerous thing, so Arletha was along.

Tyrone's mother, Sandra Johnson, was living in a raw sewage area from 1973. She had moved there from the 327 East Browning extension, where she and Arletha had met. When Sandra answered the door, Arletha was relieved. "Gee, I can't do nothing with her," Sandra said, conspiring. "He just came home from jail." But Arletha thought that the boy had been raised up right. She had seen Tyrone's father, Sonny, taking them to school, packing them up. He cooked while Sandra worked. And they didn't let their children play with just any kids.

Arletha didn't bother to speak to Shirley, Armond's mother. During that family's growing years at the exer-

cise she'd seen Shirley overwhelmed. When Shirley had yelled at her sons for starting fires in the courtyard at the East Browning building, they'd screamed back at her, "Fuck you, bitch!" The few times Arletha had warned to upbraid the boys on anything, she'd made sure she'd spoken to their father, Wade. "I always had a long arm with the kids," she said. "I was the mean lady but I was a good lady."

On the night Eric fell, Arletha was walking past the gathering crowd at 3533, in her bay window. She saw ambulances and cruisers and kept right on her way. Personal wisdom dictated that in such a situation, just head the other way from trouble. "No bullet is going to my doggo! I didn't mean to get you," she says.

Around this time, Tom was calling Lela from Wyler Children's Hospital. "Ma ma, Eric is hurt. I need you," she said. Lela said she'd be there in soon as she found a ride—she couldn't walk, it was dark.

When Lela arrived, Tora was hysterical, screaming, lifting her hands to the intense center's fluorescent lights. The doctor pronounced Eric dead on arrival at 7:50 pm of severe internal injuries, and Tom was heading toward a morgue. "Get my child's clothes," she told the nurses. "Get my child's clothes. Let's go home. It's late. We got to go home. Please get my baby's clothes."

Lela faced the awful task of identifying Eric's body. When her own son had been shot years before, in Tora's birthday party around the corner from 3533, she couldn't do it. But this time, she had to because that was what her daughter was going through. Eric's face was bruised. A dried stream of blood ran out of his ear. A blue tube like a straw stuck straight up from his little mouth, for breathing. Lela quickly removed it to Tora, who had stumbled to the floor. "I wish I was dead," Tora was bellowing. "I'm going to kill myself and my family. What's it matter now that my baby's gone?" The press had arrived, so the nurses ushered the Morse out a back door. Tora disappeared.

Lela and the police didn't find her until fifteen minutes later, blocks from the hospital, walking without a coat. They had a hard time keeping her in the car. That night, Tora lay in her mother's bed. "She didn't really sleep," Lela says, her eyes welling with tears. "She cried, yes know, and she was screaming. She would sit up. 'Ooooh, my baby, I love you, Eric.' It was to tremble."

Three caseworkers from the Department of Children and Family Services arrived at Lela's at midnight. The department already knew the Morse family. In fact, it had an open file on them. A DCFS source reported that Eric had been born with hydranencephaly and that an older sister had been removed from the home. This night,

Derrick had just returned from the postcard and had bathed and been tucked into bed. The hospital had been required to report that Tora had threatened to kill herself and poison her children. It was the job of the DCFS to make sure that the city's children were all right.

For three nights, Tora did not sleep.

Even now, she can hardly speak of Eric or his death. And sometimes, when she does, she makes a speech of her grief.

In the hectic weeks after Eric's death, the press ran spoiled at home. Friends didn't make who had died and they saw the Morse family on TV leaving the Holy Angels Catholic Church funeral service.

Lots of people and organizations called, offering charity. They offered Derrick counseling, horseback riding, classes for school. They paid the overhead balance on Lela's gas bill, removing her heat. One organization offered to pay for Eric's burial. Another group said it would take care of the grave, all the way out to suburban Homewood, and spoke of flowers, a tombstone, and how the grave would be kept upright.

When I go to visit the cemetery with Arletha four months later, an employee directs us to Eric's resting place. It quickly drives away. Eric lies near marked plots that are as yet unoccupied, the ground frozen too hard to open up. There's nothing on his grave—no plaque, no name, no wooden cross. It's situated on a hillside, just a few feet away from where construction workers are drilling. The grave is sinking steadily into the ground. Across its tiny spread of dirt is the track of a tree root.

The Morses are religious people. "You just don't know what happened to these children," Lela says of Armond and Tyrone. "They don't just grow up to be violent. There's two sides to every story." She pauses, a gracious, forbearing woman who still feels herself blessed. "Violence is mine, says the Lord," she quotes quizzily. "Whatever is to be done is his."

LAST IS AN IDENTITY. The courtyard where Eric fell is still in the shadow of the high rise where Armond's life began. His parents met in the building's lobby stairs just behind 3533. Wade lived on the ninth floor; Shirley on the eighth. The people who flew Mississippians from Tennessee arrived here seven years ago.

Four hours, with his mother's light skin color and his father's attitude. He loved dogs. He'd find them on the street—pit bulls, mongrels—and they'd follow him home. He liked Tyrone's dog, General Grant. Eric's twin Arletha has used to give Armond food to feed the dog. He would lock them up in the basement or in abandoned apartments and try to get the dogs to leave. He used to stay there, and nobody would want with them," says Shirley. Dona Merritt, his social worker at the school in the Andy Horne, the detention center where Armond is now being held, says: "He likes running dogs to be tough. He knows the different types of dogs." He raised three Queens, Blasie, Queen, Cops, Sport. Queenies' puppies were stillborn and Wade flushed them down the toilet. Another dog died in a bedroom, and Armond placed it in the incinerator. Armond would

like to be a dispatcher when he grows up.

Since Eric's death, what people remember about Armond are the bad things. In kindergarten according to teachers at Double Arrow, Armond brought crack in for show and tell. When the teacher phoned the principal's office, Armond swallowed it. They also remember that Armond once smothered someone with a dog chow.

His father, fatty-tony, goes loaded up for drug possession in 1993. He'd been working as a freelance plumber, he says, and "then I missed up." He'd been missing up for a while. Wade's cap sleeve, appearing 1986 through 1993, with the circumstances of the charges decreasing over time, includes five robberies, seven drug possessions, six disorderly conduct, three disturbance brawls, two thefts, one gambling charge, and one delinquent child charge.

Armond's teachers link his increasing troubles to his father's departure. Lela remembers Armond's fourteen-year-old brother, Junior, whom cared for him like a parent, had to move to an aunt's house because he didn't get along with Shirley's new man, whom she had taken up with; when Wade went to prison, Armond's one school and went downtown to busk. Each month added a new charge to his cap sleeve. March: solicitation. April: gun possession. May: aggravated battery July: theft over \$50. August: battery and aggravated assault. He and Tyrone would sleep at Jewel's and Goldfarb's another nearby store. Armond broke into the Deerline school with Tyrone and Tyrone's younger brother, Caesarea. Around this time, Armond formed a crew. According to one youth worker they would shake down younger kids.

Twice, Armond went to the prison with his grand mother to visit Wade. He didn't say much during the visits. He would get a package of popcorn from the vending machine and pop it in the visiting-room microvove. Then he'd lounge in the chair, his scrawny legs dangling, watching his father, and eat.

Now Armond is eleven years old and still small for his age. He was so tiny as a baby that his parents tucked him into a small dresser drawer with a pillow. Wade and Shirley had a burrito then.

**P**AT THE HENRY C. HILL CONFIRMED CENTER, WHERE VICTOR'S Father, Tom, was recently transferred and is finishing his fourth and final year for aggravated stabbing and home invasion, family visitors are welcome, at least in memo form. In person of "fosterable family atmosphere" in the visiting room, unlike in the wider world, someone—the warden—has figured out what fathers can and cannot do.

"Unacceptable behavior incidents" will no longer be tolerated. "Mostly behavior is being disrespectful," the memo reads in pronouncements of "positive family interaction." It will not be permissible for heads to lay in laps. Legs must be in a normal sitting position [and] there will be no more sitting in the legs of each other." Kids under twelve are exempt.

"Mama," a guard says to me as I wait on the vinyl couch my legs in normal sitting position, "here's your ID. There will be a lady up to shake you down in a second."

Seven percent of the families in Chicago public-housing projects have two parents. In some cases, Tammy and Sandra were one of those, and on top of that, they had



## Elevators are scary. The brothers ride to the thirteenth floor. When the doors open, the older boys await.



the advantage of a car. Tonny had met Sandra when she was a student at Norden K College on Chicago's South Side. His friends thought he was dating a square, but the couple stayed together and had two sons and moved into an Ed 8 Wells row house. Tonny found a job at Gossage Systems, waking up at 5 AM to be at work by 5 PM. Sandra worked afternoons in a clothing store. When Tonny came home in the afternoon, he watched the kids and cooked.

Casanova, their younger son, was the one who gave them trouble. When Tonny would get up for work, he'd find Casanova slumped on the chair downstairs. "He'd put my work books on and fall back asleep," Tonny remembers. "I'm looking for the books, and he'd be over there by the TV asleep."

"Casanova?" Tonny would say.

"Now, Daddy," Casanova would say, springing up. "I'm gonna go watch."

"No, you aren't," Tonny would reply. "Go get in bed with your mama."

"No, I ain't. I'm gonna watch."

"Boy, you better get in ass in that bed!"

Every few weeks, after Tonny cashed his check on Wednesdays, he'd take his children to Foot Locker and let them have their pick. The Foot Locker saleslady would bend down and say, "What's the point? Do this week, I'll be here!" to Casanova, who though he was a ladies' man, Casanova was sure definitely "wasn't this." Tyrone was more moderate. He wouldn't run the stakes. He took time to look. It made Tonny feel good, the customers would say to his sons, "Oh, how your daddy loves you."

"I would just sit there," Tonny says, "mollifying the energy, and let the people know that I love my kids."

Tonny's occasional act of sitting up usually involved his homework. He would do the first page of the assignment and dutifully bring it into the teacher to show "Tonny." Then he'd sit back in the TV chair, prop himself up, as if he were working, the pen positioned nervously, and rock back from side view. "He would peek out," Tonny says, "trying to be sick. Okay, then he'd go quiet. He got the cover over his head, with the pen in his hand. But he was asleep. No, hardly come on. I'd say, 'See or the cat,' " Casanova might mean the bed, but when his sons thought they were due for a spanking, Tonny would reverse it and make them do a lot of work. Sometimes, he just wouldn't let them go to sleep. Casanova was the bad one, and Ty was the good one, says Tonny, much in the unpredictable nature of things.

Tonny sees an analogy between raising his Dobremirrewever, General Grant, and况在着 in raising his son. "I would keep General in the closet, around us one. As soon as he would get out, he was like a mad dog, just like saying you keep a person from what he really wants to get out there, once he gets out there, he's gonna go mad. That's what I did. So when Ty leaves, My daddy's locked up, Dobremirrever! He went straight to bad company. You'll keep him away from that."

Right now, Tonny has the time to reflect on the many doses nature of the universe. I call him a philosopher. He disagrees. "This is more sociological," he says. "Philosophy is too vague."

"Seen like the nightmare became a reality," Tonny

continues, now crying. "We come out of lockdown. I called it dressed to hear the truth of the premonition so deep down inside laid at the bottom of my stomach. Ty's mama was on the phone, crying, but she didn't have to tell me nothing." Lately, Tonny says, "When you have a feeling like that—when your heart is contaminated with somebody like me—it's Tyrone, a love so strong, so powerful, that no matter what, whatever way the wind blows, no matter whatever storm comes through, we always stand by Me, him, and Casanova. Louis my brother, lost my brother, is gone now, but I always say, 'Well, I will never forget.' " And Tyrone was born in 1965. He's rare." He pauses, looking down.

"Let me reiterate something. A life has been lost, of course. Jimi. Who was he? Why did his life affect mine? And my son? To cause our families to be so intertwined. I think about that. I think about that baby all the time."

And other inmates remind him. Sometimes, they ask Tonny in the hallway, "How's your shorty?" and "How's your shorty gonna do?"

"Loy. He's all right, he'll be fine"—what I'm supposed to say? So Tonny goes about his prison business, walking, reading, doing laundry five days a week. A good day is when Tonny's counselor lets him put a phone call through to Tyrone's jail.

The last time they spoke, out of a blue sky, Tyrone asked him, "Dude, you gonna married?" Tyrone's wife, Mac, told the boy that, because Mac doesn't like Tyrone's name, Tonny told Tyrone, "No matter what, I'll always love you. No matter what happens, I have an obligation to you." The conversation made Tyrone feel better. Tonny knows, because Tyrone laughed.

Before their time was up, Tyrone asked Tonny to explain what obligations meant.

**A** WINTER FRIDAY in the projects, the night sky darkening. In the intervals in the disappointment and the boredom combine with home and drugs the damn godfathers.

Carrying a McDonald's bag, Tonny, twenty-one, Shirley's oldest child, Wade's stepdaughter—refuses to return to her apartment by the stairs. "The kids be bugging for the food," she says as we step into the elevator, an even more dismal unwrapping house. We're returning from a fairly terrifying trip in search of an open pharmacy that would honor her Medicaid card. She attributes the bad change she's having to a missing filigree tube.

Right now, she's snapping her clasp—clicking, caging, fraying—rise—and as the elevator doors close, four long boys without soles step in. Tonny's glazed eyes land on one boy's chest. She remembers about the softness of her pulse; last, how another girl's sorry ass isn't good for shit, then she's back to the subject of her filigree tube, all the while compulsively stroking her hair and rubbing with her fist a small bruise on her temple. It's a scary memory—her words, their desperation, their insensitivity, mocking challenge. It's all she was saying, "Fuck me" and "Fuck you" at the same time. I keep my gaze down. The boys agree her call. Disgusted, they don't move when we reach her floor, and we squat on the floor.

Is she crazy? High? Tonny sure has a busted heart. She sits alone in community-jiving sessions with hollowed eyes, catatonic sessions at her door, too many trips to the bathroom, hours of devouring sleep.

Armand's cringe, she says it's her hardest of the family. She learned about it from a cop who she says told her, "We just arrested your brother for murder."

**Y**ONNY'S APARTMENT originally gave little refuge. Now that Wade and Shirley have moved in, having been run out of their old apartment in the wake of Armond's arrest, the tension has only gotten worse. While Wade is out, Emmanuel, Shirley's six-year-old son, junior Wade's first son and Armond's older brother, and a succession of neighbor boys are playing, and Wade, who has finished his first bottle of Wild Irish Rose, waits to play, too. The second bottle is open.

A woman from an apartment downstairs arrives to complain about junior bounces a basketball against her door. As she's leaving, she walks within earshot. Junior tells his dad, "She's a bitch," Wade responds, "You shouldn't do that," and launches Junior joyfully in the chest. The punch makes a thudding sound. Shirley is disgusted.

The chaos is increasing by increments. "Come over here, boy," Wade sings to his grandson, Emmanuel. Come over here and give me a kiss. He grabs the boy and kisses him on the cheek, then bites into his lip, pulling it out with his teeth. Emmanuel jumps from the pair. Wade releases his lip and pulls him onto his lap. Emmanuel cries for just a moment, then dips away.

The boys love to tease Wade, and the teasing gets him going. They circle him while he sits at the kitchen table, and try to scratch his hair, which is embroiled with an S. Shirley Wade jumps up and chases them down the hallway but only Emmanuel gains the mastery of the bath mat. It is the only soot in the apartment with a lock.

Tonny looks back at us when you get out," Wade says, returning to his chair.

The boys don't want the fax to stop junior and a neighbor girl who's in a padded chair,itching, "You can come out!" After some hesitation, Emmanuel, hearing the glass of his ashtray opens the door and peers out. Wade eases down the hill to the bathroom and bends low to pour Emmanuel in the arms and stomach. The boy wails, scrunches up between the toilet and the wall.

The neighbor boy does on Wade's back—a pure gleam—and Wade flips him over his shoulder onto the floorboards with a whack. The boy covers his head, shocked, while junior laughs from the hallway. Now Wade turns his full attention to the neighbor. He pinches him, then bends the boy's fingers back and then tough his wife. James stops laughing. Emmanuel escapes again.

Violence, tonight, is a way of speaking. Each time what has started out as playtime slips into a miasma of mayhem. Each episode has its own internal rhythms and over the course of the evening, they escalate in their brutality. If we're meant, it would be getting louder and louder. But here, it's oddly silent, except for the occasional punctum of a child's cry.

Round six in the living room. Wade's back at the window, his hands on the frame, looking out. Shirley comes from the window, and as I sign in downstairs, Shirley's there to meet me. A spacy little girl in the hallway asks, "Can I have a doghouse? Can I have a doghouse? Can I have a doghouse?"

Upstairs Emmanuel is shivering, a nervous wrinkle. He approaches the doghouse box, touching it quickly as if it were on fire. Shirley says, "Don't open it." Wade says, "Leave that box alone, boy." Emmanuel starts to reply, but his protective maternal smile all but an ear-piercing sound. He gets up and steps down the hall remaining on a part of plastic roller chairs. "Take those off, boy," Wade yells. Emmanuel doesn't and then he does. I open the box. He asks me, "Can I have a doghouse?"

Wade and Emmanuel is circling but he's not playing this time, so it's an even more dangerous game. Wade can't resist it. He throws Emmanuel to the floor, holds him down, and begins to choke his grandson. He squeezes his throat, oblivious to the boy's crying. The timing now is surely Wade's. "Don't you know I'm taking pictures?" the photographer asks. "Dance, he calls out. "Stop." The camera flashes. Emmanuel's thumb wedged the boy's tongue pops out. Only when the photographer puts his hand on Wade's back does Wade finally stop.

On this particular night, in this stark apartment, does has resolved itself. What seems to be episodes of calm are excluding darker times when he's afraid. Shirley has been hearing up revolt out of a car and tipping wine out of a baby-food jar. She puts the food on the table. Seconds after being choked, Emmanuel gets up from the floor and sits down at the table and eats—a lot. Then he heads to the hallway closet and sits inside it, beside a bag of clothes.

Violence is a conversation, a harsh monologue, a form of speech when four months earlier, the wind whipped into the open window of their childhood, were Armond and Shirley trying to say?

**W**ADE IS ON THE DOGHOUSE. The glass of last night is replaced with an angry stiffness. It's four in the afternoon, the following day, for the family, it's morning. Shirley's asleep, Emmanuel's asleep, and Janice sits quietly with a friend, playing a video game on the family TV screen. Shirley, in a house dress, her hair in rollers for tomorrow's visit to her son, sweeps the linoleum sharply. She flings dirt and glass and wrappers past the mounting pile. Shaggy doge dodge pokes of the broom. No wine today, and not much room for lip.

Through the stack of the rag—now she's bleaching—tabletop, dishes, counter. An old dresser—her cleaning, him brushing, the children playing low.

Wade twists the doorway of his prison room, nose-pants his head down. He winds over to Junior who's leaning back on his hands. Wade steps on Junior's fingers, so easily as if he were a feather. Without looking back, Junior pulls his hand away.

**S**UNRISE MORNING. Janice with Dorian. Dorian Wade uses me coming from the window, and as I sign in downstairs, Shirley's there to meet me. A spacy little girl in the hallway asks, "Can I have a doghouse? Can I have a doghouse? Can I have a doghouse?" Upstairs Emmanuel is shivering, a nervous wrinkle. He approaches the doghouse box, touching it quickly as if it were on fire. Shirley says, "Don't open it." Wade says, "Leave that box alone, boy." Emmanuel starts to reply, but his protective maternal smile all but an ear-piercing sound. He gets up and steps down the hall remaining on a part of plastic roller chairs. "Take those off, boy," Wade yells. Emmanuel doesn't and then he does. I open the box. He asks me, "Can I have a doghouse?"

Family portrait is a  
color negative. Rado  
and Shadley print for  
the owner in white.  
From *Visual Studies*  
magazine, Volume 1.



"Can he have a daughter?" Lulu Shirley blue gives him an expectant look. When he gets a daughter in one hand, he goes for coffee—which we're sharing—and with enough hopping about he gets a little in a busy-food jar. He takes a spoonful, then beats into the littered doughnut he sprawls on the floor. Powdered sugar and cream cover his face, and Jameson says "It looks like you know what." At his age, Jameson is mostly hormones.

"Stop that!" says Shirley. "Don't be talking like that."

When Emmanuel comes his unfinished doughnut to the bathroom wastebasket instead of the one in the latches, White rolls him holding him by the neck, and locks him in the bally. Shirley commands Emmanuel to the bedroom. She dresses him with the help of White's sister, who is visiting. They place Emmanuel on the bed, the arm taking his feet—wallowing the little toes with a wad cloth—Shirley putting on his pants, pulling up the padded under. He escapes to lie his bumps at those of us in the latches, then slips back into the bedroom between his grandmother and his aunt. Emmanuel inhales it—a sandwich of hunger love.

Shirley gruffly wraps him in his coat and dispatches him down to the second floor where Yvonne spent the night. Shirley tells her to go straight to his mother and she tells him twice.

**A**ROUND AN HOUR LATER, Shirley and I head out to the store for snacks for Armond to eat. His Flowers an orange or green chocolate chip cookies, two inches for a dollar. We cross the street. Wade follows our progress from the window. Shirley calls the photographer a noisy boy. She complains that "he got them pictures of Wade beating them boys," though she concedes that that fight was not much different from most others. I ask her how she feels when he beats the kids. "I try to keep him down," she says. "So he don't start beating me." Mostly, she blames when she calls that whining on the wire. Yet even Wade's most cold sober Sunday wage can't stop Emmanuel; he's going to get it under the child's ceiling. When we get back to the apartment, Shirley makes a point of telling me she's then going to get dressed. There's a lot of companioning in the bathrooms. White's water comes into the latches, invading Wade's toilet sound and sent by the oven, his back to us.

We head the aisle to the Andy House pan dammed factories past the Sprinkle Cat. Wade, past abandoned lots As we arrive, Shirley walks away, left behind. Wade We are processed quickly, under there's not much of a line.

After we're cleared for the fifth floor we walk toward Armond, past the ant windows. Criminal kids are housed according to aggressiveness, size and age. Armond is one of the house's oldest boys. In one cell a man boy stretches out the full length of his bed, which he's dragged right up to the glass door. He watches the boys with visitors, sucking his thumb. At Gua Sht, we sign in, pause at the wood whitewash and register as Armond's out-of-town guest.

Armond picks up an extra chair for the assigned table. I survey the room. At the far end by the TV the unvisited boys slumped on a couch. Almost all have their hands inside their shirts, a few have hands down their pants. In

the main section with the tables, there is a Hispano lad, his hair cropped close with a sun tan and his mother's pink lips perfectly superimposed on his forehead, playing cards. Armond has an enormous T-shirt and baggy trousers and pants tied up by a string. They can't wear socks, he says, so we don't struggle needlessly. He beats his lips like at the beginning of the war and frequently shugs. Shirley holds her eyes on him, her chin in her hand, a big smile half-covered by her palm. It is a mother's smile. She is pleased to see her son. White, though he's descending into depression, also seems lifted by the sight of her.

Armond poses the standard fare question to his parents—what did they bring? He pulls straws from the paper bag hopefully popping the small package of His Flores, then opening it. "That boy over there is in for raping his sister," he says after a long pause.

"Which boy?" asks Wade.  
"That horkey?" Wade asks.

"No," says Armond, "that white boy against the wall." Wade regards Armond with wry amusement. "I said that horkey, and he say 'that white boy.' Don't he know what a horkey is?"

"She was two," says Armond.  
"Wade asks, "For real?"

Armond flaps the guard to unlock his room so he can show his parents his certificates from a program called BUILD, at the school downstreet. The school social worker says some of his fellow students call him a "bully lifter." Armond claimishes the charges of some of the other boy-stamped master, which he calls "arrogant," and "unscrupulous," that you are in for arrest, are you Armond? You is for master," says Wade with what sounds like pride.

Armond opens the envelope and reads the certificates on the table. One is for Student of the Week. Shirley and Wade glance at them but don't say a thing. Shirley mutters something about Emmanuel.

"Where he is?" asks Armond.  
"I don't know. Home playing I guess," says Shirley.  
"What you say Emmanuel if you don't know where he is?" Armond asks. His face mucks her, as if she's stupid. "You say Emmanuel was somewhere, now you say he plays?" It is a reprimand. Armond seems to despise her for her fecklessness and her resignation.

"He ain't in kindergarden," Wade says of Emmanuel. "He barfed, he got all it." Wade in his burly cover-ups for Yvonne, taken it out on her kid boy. He competes with his grandsons for attention.

"What's your name, Jordan?" Wade asks Armond, reading.

"Armond," Armond says. "Only my friends call me Javen."

The social worker told me Armond didn't know his birthday. I ask him about it.

"November 1, 1978," he says.  
"November 2," says Wade.

Armond says firmly, "1979."

Then we speak of violence. It's the only time Armond sits up and shows anger. He begins to snarl a gas from near a snore. The man took a gauge (Wade in snore). "What's a gauge?" and Armond panhandles holding a gun, and then the guy shed a potato (Armond holds



the imagined knife and dinner), and then they attack the gun right through it (Wade: "Like a shtetl") and Armond says, "Not! Not a shtetl!" Armond reacts to the shot—throws his hands up—then bends over to dodge it from his elder (his eyes bright, the story passing out of her). Two people end up dead.

"Where'd you see that?" Wade asks. "They show a picture like that on here."

"BUILD," says Armond, naming the program that gave him the certificates.

"They put you in prison and show you motherfucking pictures like that," says Wade, incredulous. "That is some fucked up shit." Shirley agrees it's crazy and as soon as her reaction is noticed she wiped the expression away with her hand.

Shirley's aria of despair is silence. When she speaks at all, it is usually to tell Emmanuel or junior or Wade to shut up. During the visit, the only full sentence she says is this: "The gaif over there looks like he's playing chess, but he's really watching everything them boys do."

Armond tells his parents about a real life fight, how three boys were kicking it to some guy. He was in his room, and he didn't know what was going on and he heard the chairs flying. He laughs. Shirley and Wade do, too. Wade and Armond turn to the television screen. "They should put the TV in here," Wade says.

All that time, the boy at the table across us has been enduing a lecture from his mother. This embassies are to come and see you," she is saying. "If I'm trying to teach

out and teach you but you don't want to be touched. I can go down on that street and do whatever I want to do, and you stay here." The boy flips through the *Polaroids* she brought and looks the table.

Armond watches the boy and says Armond and Wade, over all the movements of their life—the smile, whatever through his mouth, whatever his head loosely. He is over months, then days. I ask him if he misses home. He shrugs. I ask him if he missed his dad in prison, and he says yes, really.

"Your dad misses you," I say.  
"You visited me in prison," Wade adds. "Now I'm visiting you in prison."

Armond refers to his talk of movies. This one is the film the Andy House shows to new arrivals. They sit in beds and they sing at the beginning, and they show a guy who is to die, and the bell tolls. You was behind him," Armond says.

"I was behind bars," Wade says sadly.  
"I wish we had bars," Armond says.

"You may as well. You can't go nowhere for shit," says Armond. He looks up at the clock on the wall, which he calls a snore. Wade asks how long he's been locked up, and Armond can't remember. "I know," says Wade. "When I was in prison, you start to forget what time it is. When we leave, Armond will have dinner. If it's fish

"We're fine here."  
Left to right: Andrew, Shirley, Wade. Below: Their previous address and residence of the Delinquent that time was killed.

or worse, he says, some of the *Audrey* boys will eat it. I ask why, and he sneaks. Then he says "80s." He means the Black Disciples, a gang I ask Armond if he is one. He says no.

"When I was in prison you wasn't supposed to eat pork and I said, 'I like pork. I'm gonna eat it,'" says Wade.

Wade never runs with a gang, and it's a subject that makes him defensive. He once announced to me, "I am a gang of myself." Another time he told me, "I start in a gang, but I am someone-body."

Armond is allowed to make a phone call tomorrow. He's had phone privileges before, and Wade would like his son to call him.

Armond reads the number anxiously.

"You know the number. You said you can call from the school. Why don't you call?" Wade ventures.

Armond shudders.

"But you gonna do what you gonna do," Wade says, giving up.

The awkwardness increases as the visiting hour shrivels. Wade knows a bit more about his reasoning.

"You want to leave with me?" Wade asks, leaning close to Armond's face.

"I can't," Armond says.

"You want to leave with me?" the father says again. Armond says, "I can't."

"What you mean, you can't?" Wade raises his eyes.

"I can't," says Armond, his eyes lowered. "You isn't supposed to leave."

"How come you don't come just walking out of here with me?"

Shirley grabs a handful of Armond's hair to get close enough to say goodbye. "Your grandmother gonna get you a pull," she says, and then she gives him a kiss. Wade moves away from Armond slowly, walking downward, being careful not to hang up the empty chairs.

"Goodbye, Armond," Wade says solemnly. As they leave, Shirley and Wade walk slowly down the hall holding hands.

**W**NDEE IS IN THE BACK of my rental car with a book of Wild Krab Rose, and Shirley with some in a Starbucks cup, in the front, with me driving. When I ask them if they want to get a drink or something to eat, they agree to but don't feel comfortable going inside anywhere. "People go to noisy," Shirley says, "they'll ruin your business. Everybody talks at me like I'm crazy." It exhausts Shirley the notion, what she imagines happening.

The cover hearings and the public defender make her head hurt; at the last hearing, they found Armond unfit to face charges because of his IQ of 53. They talk about an-



signing him to a residential placement home, which Shirley calls a "replacement." She doesn't understand what that is nor does she have enough of a protective shell to experience Armond's predicament as much more than an offense to her, her own failure.

We drive, heading north up Western Avenue, then back, then we turn down toward the Loop. The city's brightness feels like some kind of future.

Chicago is something so behind. "Look at that," says Wade as we drive into the skyline. "With that sight, you can generate some feelings—and some people don't have any feelings at all. How lonely I learned in prison to appreciate things when you are in there you can't do nothing about," Shirley sighs.

Wade knows all the buildings—the Professional, the Tribune, the Sun-Times, a hotel where he worked in a bell hop. We head down Michigan Avenue, past the fairs, the ferris wheel, the monorail. "It's real pretty," Shirley whistles. We pass by jazz clubs—they've never been to one, but Wade knows where they are—go down by the waterfront, back by the lions guarding the Art Institute, by the library. We drive—westward, eastward—and listen to the music. Wade crooning softly to songs of love.

"Do you remember this?" Wade asks. "Shirley, you remember this? Do you?"  
Mosses  
"The old building! You remember Shirley?"  
"Armond..."

"Do you remember, Shirley? Do you remember?"  
"Baldwin Mercy Hospital," Shirley says.  
These are the fly-by moments of a poor couple's dimmed life.

We pass the building where they got their marriage blessed not twenty-one years ago, for twenty dollars, and the boarded-up Tuna Cafe, where they danced the "sneach."  
"The sneach, Shirley," says Wade with delight. "Oh, Shirley, you remember dancing the sneach!"

We pass a hamburger grill where, in 1970, Wade bought himself a meal. He bought pretzels and sausages and bacon—he remembers exactly, he'd just gotten his paycheck that day—and he couldn't eat it all: there was so much. It was not long after that that Wade lost his job at a body shop. He then filled his days scavenging scraps of bread to sell.

"I wish I could find my sweater," says Shirley all of a sudden. Of that younger time Shirley is proud. She zipped her up from when she was a baby, and her sweater has no hole or morn, and she reads books.

"She read novels, she didn't go to laundries," Shirley says several times. "She wrote me a letter, a won-freebie little book. You should open it up—how much she wrote. She wrote about how she wanted me to go my life together and all, how to be ready for you when you came out," she says.

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**It's time, no place,**  
for Shirley to go,  
says writer Linda  
Moss. *Journal*  
photographer  
David Riepe  
gives us the  
inside story.

turning back to Wade, "how me and you was gonna put our life together the way it was."

"Our life hasn't been great, but there's been times it was good," says Wade. "We can have a heck just like that."

"We're going to have it back real soon. You'll see, we'll go back to the way it was." In the time I've known her this is the only hopeful thing Shirley has said.

"That's all I want," says Wade, his voice gruffly with alcohol, emotion. "Our life with me and you and our kids and a place to live of our own."

The moment peaks and then there is a silence. We pass by the Andy House on our way back to Yonnie's. We thought we had escaped it, but the sight takes us back to earlier that evening when Armond had called his parents to look up and wave to him as we left the detention center grounds. He told them his window was by a blue sign—we

suspect he meant the blue background of a snow emergency route sign.

We pulled up under the sign in the car and attempted to spot Armond. There were so many tiny heads pressed up against the large modern windows, ears and arms turned by a dull yellowish light. Some boys, standing on their beds, banged on the glass others gawped wildly but to others strategies of communication were silent, inscrutable.

Wade sat in the bisection of the car, looking up at Shirley scrunched up to look from the passenger side of the front seat. I suggested to Wade that he get out, since Armond expected them to be on foot, as they usually walk the mile from the projects to the Andy House.

"Now, I can't see him," Wade said, more in de feit than indifference.

"I can't tell which one is him."

Shirley told Wade to get out of the car. As he hopped along the sidewalk Shirley said, "Thank him."

"That ain't him," said Wade, shrugging back in. "Go on back out," she told Wade.

"That ain't him," he said.

"That him?" Shirley asked no one, referring to a small boy leaning his head against the glass.

"Now that ain't him," Wade whizzed, the whining becoming a cough.

"Well, I don't know," Shirley said, beaten.

"They all look alike," offered Wade.

"Up them," said Shirley, her eyes on the road.

They all look alike when they're in there."

**W**E REACH Yonnie's neighborhood. From the street the projects look wretched. The houses are poor, substantial, but the way the broken shades and curtains hang and droop from the poorly installed window strips gives the buildings a miasmic, decay feel. The future here is failing.

Shirley doesn't look forward to going up, especially not after a relaxing drive. "It's like she's her mom," Wade says of Shirley. "If she's anybody's mom, she should be mine but that ain't the way it is." Shirley shops for Yonnie's dinner, she cooks, she babysits. Sometimes, Yonnie goes out to the store and doesn't come back all night. When she returns, sometimes Shirley does too ask her, "Ain't you bring no cigarettes? Some change?"

"You or the grandmother," Yonnie says. "You don't get none of that."

The car idles. Wade drifts out, and Shirley sits with me a moment. She says, "Just because I don't talk, don't mean I don't worry about my son."

She opens the door to the cold, bracing herself for the entrance. "Everybody look at me like I'm crazy, but I did the best that I could." She moves into the building, her chin level. Wade walking with his eyes to the ground, a few steps ahead. ■



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THE "CRISIS OF MASCULINITY" was just the beginning. Now, the men who have decided they're actually women are on the march. Welcome to the transgender revolution. BY JOHN TAYLOR

# The Third Sex

**T**HE SMALL TOWN OF HART, 80 miles north of Michigan's woods some ninety miles north of Grand Rapids, is a queer thoroughly unattractive place for most of the year. But every August, Hart glows host to one of the wildest variants of contemporary American paganism: the Michigan Womyn's Music Festival. The event, which has seen bears striking resemblances to the erotic rite performed by the ancient Thracian cult of Dionysus, in these rites, which once fascinated and terrified the Greeks when the cult spread into the Attic Peninsula, groups of women retreated into the mountains at night to celebrate fertility—the swampy, reeking flood dissolved mysteriousness of it all—by working themselves into a frenzy of animal derangement.

Each August for the past nineteen years, some eight thousand lesbians, bisexuals, and other women arrive from across the country for five days on "the land," as they refer to the festival site just outside Hart. Between listening to feminist rock 'n' roll and attending consciousness-raising workshops, they wander, often naked or topless, through the hardwood forest, whose enormous ferns enhance a

sense of the primal. They drink Gallo wine, eat hallucinogenic mushrooms, dance ecstatically, dive from the stage into mud pits formed by the uprooted, writhing arms of the spectators, and copulate with frenzied abandon.

Women returning home from the festival describe the wonders of seeing thousands of bare bodies in all their blue-veined, nippie dancing glory, of the dazzling profusion of pubic hair—the lath, the scraggly, the scapular—on bodies display. Such talk, and the festival's organic sex, have, of course, a political component. The lesbian feminist, in the view of many attending the festival, seeks to create a social system devoid of males—one in which women supply all the comfort, intimacy, and sexual satisfaction they need.

Nancy Jean Burkholder, a tall, dark-haired diabetics engineer from New Hampshire, attended the festival for the first time in 1990. Deeply stirred by the sense of community it provided, she stayed the entire five days and returned in 1991. She was among a group of "lesmoms" taking late one night by a hot tub during that year's festival. Most of them had on tank tops and shorts. The woman who were, to use their term, "clean-free," had not applied insect repellent and slapped at the whining Michigan mosquitos. As the sparks from the fire skinned up onto the air



The sexiest man alive? "If we met and I didn't tell you," says John Steele, "you wouldn't know." (See page 111.)

and disappeared, they all mused about things like a coffee female orgasm so powerful it could send the world hurling off its axis. Then something Burkholder said or did—their boss was never quite sure what it was—caused a stir of apprehension among the others.

"Are you a woman?" one of them asked.

Burkholder replied that she had, and, by way of proof, produced her driver's license.

Unsettled, the others in the group studied her maplessly. Things had suddenly become tame.

"If you're so concerned about my identity, I'll drop my drawers," Burkholder said.

She was told that wouldn't be necessary.



Out in Boston:  
Phyllis Frye  
(foreground)  
among friends

Doris is not  
dressed as a  
woman to go up  
to someone and  
say, "Hi, I'm  
a man!"

"Why not?" Burkholder asked.  
"You see guys here all day long."

Subtly a contradiction in the mind of one of the women resolved itself, and she asked, "Are you a transsexual?"

Burkholder acknowledged that she was. Though she may have neglected to mention this fact, she had

not tried to hide it. She considered herself as legitimate, as authentic, as real a woman as any of the biological or genetic women, the so-called natural women now surrounding her.

But this was not how they regarded her. In one of the Greek myths about the Thessalian cults, Peitho, king of Thessaly, disguised himself as a woman in order to impress the rites of the female cultists. Burkholder was considered, at

Peitho's insistence, an infiltrator—that is, the voyeur in the powder room, the male transgressor obsessed with the biological norms of women. Transsexuals, in the view of many feminists, are nothing more than "sexually confused males" who symbolically rape women by appropriating the female form. "Transsexuals are not women," Janet Raymond, a professor of women's studies at the University of Massachusetts, has written. "They are deviant males."

Burkholder considered herself not just a woman but a feminist, indeed, a lesbian feminist. While still a man, she had been married to a woman. During the therapy that preceded her operation, one psychologist encouraged her to prepare for becoming a woman by fantasizing about male lovers. "I tried to imagine myself with a man, but my heart won't go in it," she told me last winter. Two years after surgery, she read a book about lesbianism. "I realized that was me." So far, she conceded, she has yet to actually have a lesbian relationship. But that doesn't make me any less of a lesbian."

In the story of Peitho, which Targakis made the subject of his late-period masterpiece, The Butler, the possessed female cultists who discover the long hidden in their midst seem to have leapt from limb. The women in the Michigan funeral did not, though. Nancy Jean Burkholder, but their feelings of betrayal, rage, and violation did border on the murderous. The funeral, as its organizers proclaimed, was for "women born wrong."

"Transsexuals are not welcome," the female security guards told Burkholder. They demanded her identification card, and then, with ease, giving her the chance to collect her belongings, expelled her from the hall. "At one in the morning, the strange and troubling creature who had the gall to be here, she was no different from those other women found herself alone on a dark road."

THE EXPULSION of Nancy Jean Burkholder struck me, when I first heard about it, as one of the more fascinating moments in American sexual politics. Among its more obvious ironies was that while feminism was founded on the notion that "biology is not destiny," many feminists will insist at least when it comes to transsexuals, that biology is destiny; a man can never fully become a woman, but that constitutes another central tenet of feminism that gender is socially constructed. So, if a man who becomes a woman is still considered by women to be a man, just what is that person's gender? Who gets to decide, and why? But such questions can be answered only by first asking, Just what is gender?

Gender studies are without a doubt the most voguish field of intellectual inquiry today. Using Lacan and Foucault, Derrida, de Beauvoir, and de Man—every frog in the pond—scholars have set out to disassemble such core topics as the invention of homosexuality, the construction of the heterosexual norm, the repression of the polymorphous eros, and the compulsory structures of desire.

All of these issues converge in the phenomenon of

## "GAYS ARE AFRAID of us," says a transgender activist, "because we reinforce the stereotype of a bunch of queer sissies in dresses and makeup."

transvestitism. And for that reason transsexuals provide the ideal opportunity to study the shifting gender boundaries in American society. If there is indeed a "crisis of transvestitism," to use the obligatory phrase of the gender theorists, it could be much more productively explored, I sensed to me, by spending time with men who had rejected traditional gender roles than by beating a trans-man with a bunch of lions Jokes up a metaphorical sweat lodge.

After all, is a transsexual a woman who has finally been able to acquire a body that conforms to her true self? Or is a transsexual a man whose society has punished for wanting to be a woman a woman's nature? Or is a person? An editorial choice? A basic rejection of oppressive gender categories?

As such questions suggest, in the gender debate the transsexual body has become the ultimate "test." Various factions—psychologists, feminists, puritans, anthropologists, religious conservatives, cultural critics, and, of course, transsexuals themselves—compete for the right to "invent" it, or assign it its meaning. That competition is necessarily political: the struggle to define the transsexual—to "mark" it, or "tagify" the body as the currently fashionable academic jargon would have it—is a struggle for power.

Which is why Nancy Jean Burkholder's expulsion has formed part of her tribe's origin myth. It signaled the beginning of the "transgender movement." The movement, such as it is, consists of a small but growing collection of open transsexuals just as the gay movement is now split between assimilationist and radical activists like those in Queer Nation: the trans movement, as it is also known, is divided between the few who acknowledge their status and a vast majority whom the activists strenuously refer to as "woodworkers" or "switch transsexuals," because their goal is to pass successfully to their assigned identity.

The "switch" groups—the ideologically spelled Transsexual Menace—have a specific agenda. They are pushing for the elimination of the condition "gender dysphoria" from the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders just as homosexuality was removed in 1973. They also want to be included in civil-rights legislation. There is even talk of a march on Washington in 1998.

They have already enjoyed a few small successes. In Minnesota, a transsexual World War II vetress lobbied the state legislature to include the expression of "gender dysphoria" as a protected civil right. And the past December the San Francisco Board of Supervisors passed a sweeping order ending gender discrimination in schools, housing, public accommodations, and the workplace.

Narratives from Americans view the transsexualized with disgust or, at best, amusement. Even gay men are leery of them. The transsexuals comprise three strata to the gay rights movement: the severants just as gay drew the analogy between themselves and the black civil-rights activists of the 1960s. Many blacks repeat that compari-

son to the outrage of gays, but now some gay leaders insist comparisons between their cause and that of the transsexualized. This irony is not lost on the transsexuals. "They're afraid we'll share their chances of mainstream acceptance because we reinforce the stereotype of gays as a bunch of queer sissies in dresses and makeup," says Phyllis Randolph-Byrd, a lawyer and transsexual activist in Pleasanton.

The narrative of a minority group's path to acceptance in American society is struggle to define itself on its own terms as a familiar one. What makes the transsexual particularly fascinating is the almost mythological proportions of their struggles. Fugitive souls from the Sphynx to the centaur to the hermaphrodite to the deposed headed figure known in Hinduism as Ganesha—who embodied biological impossibility. It was their very freakishness that conveyed their magical, quasi-divine status. Faust and the Guru were word-scholars, at once trying to describe the primitive religious sensations that the origins of existence provoke. To come face-to-face with a transsexual is to encounter the unknown. They are our Sphinxes, the riddle of our cultural contradictions brought to life.

**L**EIT'S START AT THE ROOT of our hang-ups," Meissa Lynn said. "Disorientation is it. Men who don't wear men's clothing are an abomination to God." It was a chilly November morning. We were sitting in the office of the International Foundation for Gender Education, an advocacy group that operates out of a renovated brick building overlooking the Charles River in Waltham, Massachusetts. Meissa, the group's director, is a fifty-two-year-old transsexual who has been living as a woman for seventeen years and as out-of-the-closet since ten.

The cross-dressing prohibition in Deuteronomy, Meissa went on, could be used to link reality between the families, who worshipped the masculine Yahweh, and the neighboring Syrians, who worshipped the goddess Ashtoreth and practiced ritual cross-dressing in their ceremonies. In other words, she said, the taboo concerned religious purity, not personal clothing.

Meissa then filled me in on a few basic facts. The transsexuals have appeared in all cultures. The Diagnostic and Statistical Manual, which defines gender dysphoria as a "persistent discomfort" about one's assigned gender, also notes that the condition affects one in thirty thousand people. Other studies have estimated that one in ten thousand people have an aversion to breaking out of their gender role if only from time to time.

As the sun sparkled on the Charles River outside her window, Meissa Lynn pulled her black cardigan together over her ample, estrogen-induced breasts. The transgendered community, she explained, could be broken down in

to share major categories. There are transvestites, or cross-dressers, people who periodically dress up in the clothes of the opposite sex, usually for erotic reasons but sometimes just for the heck of it. Then there are the transgendered people who live full-time in the role of the opposing gender without having surgery. Finally, there are transsexuals, who can be further divided into "top-ups" and "post-ops," depending on whether they have yet had gender-shifting surgery.

Most transvestites are males, though that may simply reflect the fact that in society today women attract more attention, much less scandal, when they dress and act like men. Masculinity is considered the norm. Merissa pointed out with a sigh: "Women are applauded for taking on traditionally male roles, for crossing boundaries to attend the Garter or compete in the America's Cup. But men who aspire to the feminine are seen as perverse and repulsive."

Merissa is pale and bewitching. She wore her short blond hair in a bun and had an impish, eyeline, and a drowsy smile. Her voice does not raise the voices of men who take it, but many transvestites insist themselves to speak in the upper register, and when I first got to her office, Merissa had talked in high, lilting tones. As she relaxed, her voice grew progressively lower until she sounded much like a man.

While she talked on—listing famous cross-dressers such as Saint Jerome, the French diplomat Chevalier d'Éon, and Lord Corrington, one of the last colonial governors of New York—a strong sort of perceptual dislocation overtook me. At one moment, Merissa would appear to me to be a large woman, at the next a finely ridiculous man dressed up as a woman, then a woman again. I was, I realized, experiencing the category crisis that gender theorists consider so crucial, so revelatory, and so subversive.

The phrase "category crisis" was coined by Harvard Shakespeare scholar Marjorie Garber. In her book *Vivid Texts*, she writes that transvestites create a "category crisis," or "failure of definitional distinction." The crisis, according to Garber, exposes the illusory nature of gender. It reveals that gender is not inherent in a person but resides instead in the way he or she is perceived.

In other words, gender is a performance that may be continuously repeated. And that means that masculinity and femininity are not just roles or poses or even the idealized ends of a spectrum of behavior but, as Jacques Lacan puts it, "transgressions," rivalrous strategies of deception. Physiology, in this view, is irrelevant to gender. What matters is the cultural significance assigned to physiology—the female worship that transforms the penis—imperceptibly. In idle appendage—into the Phallus. Indeed, gender theorists deduce that the anatomical differences between men and women, so obvious and irrefutable to the untrained, are nothing more than slightly varied configurations of the same nerve tissue.

But if gender is a transgression, why do the so-called "gender outsiders," as transvestites such as the performer Kari Borowitz like to call themselves, want to join the dance, even in roles of their own choosing? Transvestites complain about the stereotypical accusations of drag queens in theater productions, but instead of trying to be somehow "gender-free," many of them do adopt mannerisms that set a standard of femininity—one reason they so annoy feminists. They refer to themselves as "old girls." They mince, they flounce, they cower and shirk. After talking to me for a while, Merissa no longer seemed angry, saying, "There to go party party."

**Star-studded** Top row: Mythical hermaphrodites; the eighteenth-century Chevalier d'Éon; Dr. Ruthie Richards, *Playboy* pinup; Tal Wilhite, Pioneer Christian; Jorgenson; Steven Jon (left); Lord Corrington, colonial governor of New York. Bottom: Boy David in *The Diving Bell*; the actress of India; Vartell actress Candy Darling; activist Vicki Anne Wilhite

**O**NE THEORY for the prevalence of such behavior is that, in Western culture, men who aren't considered "real men" try to become women because they have no other option. Many other cultures have created categories for people who feel that the gender they have been born to is incorrect. Nearly 50 North American Indian tribes had roles for the berdache, as Spanish explorers such as Francisco Coronado called the cross-dressers they encountered in the New World. Square Jira, a Crow berdache, adopted male dress to join war parties—but fought against U.S. troops in the Battle of the Rosebud—but would return to female attire.

Berdache groups exist today in many societies. In India, the hijra, or eunuched men, some of whom are born hermaphrodites, inherit of whom have their genitalia removed (and then bury the organs under a sacred tree), don in sans perform rituals for women in childbirth and occasionally act as prostitutes. Similarly, the matriarchs of Oaxaca are a socially acceptable group of biological males who wear feminine women's names, perform housework and also serve as prostitutes. In the Philippines, boys who cross dress are accepted as boys as long as their parents identify them as such before puberty.

In Europe, by contrast, cross-dressing was long considered a criminal deploymen. When Joan of Arc, the most famous cross dresser in history, was sentenced to life in prison in 1431 by the judges of the Inquisition for leading the uprising against the English, she also agreed to wear only women's clothes. Days later, she began again to dress like a man. Declaring that "since and again you have relapsed, as a dog that returns to its vomit," the judges ordered her burned at the stake.

While penitent lawmen, laws against cross-dressing remained on the books in places like Hawaii until the 1970s. Violence against the transgendered occurs regularly. And Vicki Anne Wilhite, the founder of Transsexual Maniacs, told me that at one recent gathering, all of the twelve transgendered people present and they had been physically abused as children. Nine, she continued, had been sexually abused, six had been raped, three had been stabbed, two had been shot, one had been burned, and one had been horsewhipped.

After our discussion, Merissa took me upstairs to meet Bonnie Cook Riley, another member of the foundation's staff. Yvette, a tall and graceful individual with straight sandy hair and a long nose, was wearing a blouse and slacks and a coordinated purple-and-tan top. She explained that she was transgendered. She lived full time as a woman and took hormone pills to soften her skin and create breasts but she had not had sex reassignment surgery.

Above Yvette's desk was a photograph of a young man in a jacket and tie, with short black hair and dark, penetrating



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eyes I scanned the picture was of Yvonne's brother or possibly of one of the two children she had had when living as a man and working for the police force in a small Indiana town.

"Oh, no, that's Dan," my spouse "Yvonne" said.

"Dan is female-to-male transgendered," Mensa explained. "They're married."

This was truly remarkable: a man who lived as a woman marrying a woman who lived as a man—what perfect tabloid fodder, just the sort of thing to make people shake their heads at this wacky world we live in! But it was the very improbability of Dan and Yvonne's relationship as almost irresistible invention to ridicule that first brought home to me just how staggering their struggles for self-acceptance and compatriotship must have been.

It also made me realize that, however you feel about transsexuals, their lives are never uninteresting. Like the third-century Greeks, they are these bodies as persons from which the soul must escape. As such, the survivors of their lives represent a form of quest literature; they have the quality of fable. They're Odyssean voyages, stirring tales of mythic transformation replete with nightmarish horrors and magical rates of passage. Put up transsexuals, I was to learn, often refer to their surgeries as shamans and, the night before the operation, perform a ritualized farewell summarization.

For lunch, Yvonne, Mensa, and I drove to a nearby Italian restaurant. Walk this is a rough, weathered small town, but none of the businessmen dining at the restaurant gave us a second glance. The waitress, too, was unfazed, though that may simply illustrate the favored transgender life that, no matter how strange a cross dresser looks, a generic woman can always be found who looks even stranger.

Both women had hearty appetites. Mensa ordered the shrimp scampi; Yvonne, a chicken cordon. I began to ask about the various explanations for transsexuality but, I was surprised to learn, neither Yvonne nor Mensa was much interested in discussing them.

"I don't know why I am this way, and I don't really want to know," Mensa said.

"Why not?"

"What difference does it make?" Mensa went on. "It is, if it's a spiritual thing. I'm not interested in chemical, pathological, or social explanations."

Yvonne seemed somewhat pained by what she took to be my implication that the transgendered, more than anyone else could or should be able to explain themselves. She also seemed to think that my notion of the subject might not be entirely journalistic; that perhaps I harbored some unacknowledged gender confusion myself.

"So, John, who are you?" she asked.

"Who am I? That's a broad question."

"Who are you, John?"

"Well, I could answer that in a number of ways."

"John, who are you?"

**R**EINFORCEMENT AMONG TRANSGENDERISTS is an interpretation of transsexuality a wide spread: "To express myself" (emphasis mine). Rika Asano Wilkins told me recently. She was sitting on a mattress in her small, spartan apartment in Greenwich Village. A postoperative transsexual, Rika is distinctly featured and keeps her hair short. Her T-shirt said, TRANSGENDER.

TRANSGENDER A small peace sign dangled from one ear like many of the transsexuals I met, she was intelligent, kind, well-read, and self-aware.

"I don't mind descriptive categories, but the categories inevitably become pathologized," she told me. "They become cultural law. They're categories created to oppose us: it's a way for you to say we are not like you. We are the other. We're marked, excluded, and shamed. We become a model nation for anthropologists. But what's interesting is not us but the system that makes us seem freakish. There's no point in studying the ghetto without studying the conditions that led to the creation and maintenance of the ghetto."

Such skepticism is understandable, particularly in light of the many bizarre theories that have been proposed about the transgender. The attempt to explain the phenomenon, as opposed to merely condemn it, began only in the last sixteenth century. Richard von Knell Billing, the Viennese neurologist and author of the legendary Victorian treatise *Psychopathia Sexualis*, speculated that cross-dressing among American Indians was due to too much tomboy riding, which, he thought, had probably damaged their testicles.

Pread, in his essay "Transvestism," proposed the theory of the phallic woman: A boy strong for mother naked and among the peers causing develops castration anxiety. By cross-dressing he creates a phallic woman, thus alleviating the anxiety. But in his study "The Psychosis Dr Schreber," Freud dismissed Schreber's urge to cross-dress to be an arch cause of reported homosexuality; the doctor could accept his attraction to men only by thinking of himself as a woman.

In 1950, Robert Stoller, a psychoanalyst who has written extensively about transsexuals, proposed a strange theoretical revision of the phallic woman. According to Stoller, the urge to cross-dress can be attributed to the transsexual's mother, for whom the son becomes a "feminized phallic." The mother, a dominant woman suffering from penis envy, turns the child into the phallic she desires through excessive emotional and physical intimacy, while a weak or absent father provides no counterbalance. The femininity of these males is the result of too much mother and too little father," Stoller writes.

What united all these psychological theories, aside from their kind incestuousness, was their assumption of the supremacy of environmental influence. The child was seen as a blank slate imprinted by experience that were simply responsible for his gender identity. This meant, of course,

that, genital aside, anyone could conceivably be raised in either sex, that identity could be exchanged from one gender to another. Indeed Richard Green, a psychiatrist at UCLA and the author of the "Boy Boy Syndrome," devised a system for "curing" effeminate boys by giving them ice cream if they played with other boys and spanking or isolating them if they played with girls. He also occasionally subjected them to electroshock therapy.

Such efforts to reinvent "boy boys" have not failed to attract critics. Collier Cole, head of a gender-identity clinic at Galveston and a professor of psychology at the University of Texas, insists that it is not a single documented case in which psychosurgery has been successful in creating gender dysphoria. It results such treatments, he maintains, because its origins are genetic and biochemical.

Just how powerful a role biology can play on gender identity was brought home to me last afternoon late December I was having a drink with Dennis Cappi in a Houston hotel. Dennis, who is transgendered, is bald-headed and has a manicure walk. His laugh is loud, his manner gracious, her face puffed with acne scars. She lives in a trailer park out by the Houston airport and sells synthetic laboratory to heavy-equipment operators.

When the first "transsexual," she told me while sipping a gin and tonic, she became Dennis to her new customers but renamed Dennis to her old ones. This was complicated. She had to maintain two wardrobes, sometimes switching clothes several times a day. She had to shave and apply makeup. She had to keep straight the customers to whom she was a woman and those to whom she was a man. After three years of this, Dennis's sales had exceeded Dennis', and she decided to become a woman full-time.

"You know," she suddenly and in the mode of this remarkable story, "I have a level of pituitary hormone deficiency higher than normal. A couple of years ago, my pitcup was starved—by another trade. I broke the rear window with my head and it put my pituitary gland into overdrive. I lost my chest hair and grew breasts." Dennis paused a second. "It was instantaneous, wasn't it?" she said.

It certainly was, and it indicates as well a powerful biochemical component to gender identity. Men and women are distinguished not just by anatomical and chromosomal differences but also by varieties in the structure and biochemistry of their brains—what scientists have come to call "brain sex." While testosterone is associated with men and estrogen with women, both sexes produce both hormones in their pituitary glands. Studies of girls born with excess levels of male hormones show them to be more aggressive, to perform better at spatial manipulation, and even to favor toys like trucks.

Hormone levels also influence sexual behavior. Studies have shown that castrated male sailors will display much less male sexual behavior, such as mounting, and instead will engage in female sexual behavior, such as arching of the back. As this suggests, hormone levels almost certainly contribute to the urge certain men and women have to engage in the sexual display of the other gender.

Northeastern, it is widely believed that the transgendered, through moral weakness, are merely surrendering to an evil temptation. Rusty West, a doctor in Nocona, Texas, was so offended by a recent article in *Time Magazine* on the clinical treatment of transsexuals that he wrote the editor, declaring, "Once again, some members of the psychiatric

community have pressed forward their liberal, God-abusing agenda to gain social and legal recognition of weird activity they know is wrong and abnormal... No biological evidence exists for such a perverse belief that God created you wrong and that these feelings of being trapped in the wrong body are justifiable."

**I** WENT TO LAW SCHOOL to defend myself, to let people know that if they fucked with me I'd fuck them back." Phyllis Frye told me that as she led me through the corridors of the Harris County courthouse in downtown Houston, Phyllis, a criminal lawyer who lives at a woman though she has not had sex reassignment surgery, is one of the most visible transgender activists in the country. It was she who last year threatened to disrupt the celebrations for the twenty-fifth anniversary of Stonewall, the Greenwich Village riot that started the gay rights movement, unless the transgendered were included.

Phyllis is broad-shouldered and stocky; her face is pale and soft from years of estrogen pills. At the courthouse that morning, she wore a gamine blue jacket, a matching calf-length skirt, gray tights, and low-heeled shoes. She also had on a kind of Australian bush hat with a purple, iridescent feather in the band. It was she, and her trademark. She had a brash but affable manner, and as she made our way through the courthouse, she stopped to joke with almost every lawyer, cop, judge, and secretary we passed.

Phyllis decided to begin living as a woman in the late seventies, while working for an engineering firm. After the firm fired her, she went to the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission but was told that while it was true that she had been discriminated against on the basis of her gender preference, that was not against the law. To the contrary, it was at that time against the law in Houston to cross-dress. Nonetheless, Phyllis attended the University of Houston law school openly transgendered. Although the Christian Legal Society harassed her, she earned her degree and led a successful effort to overturn the ordinance against cross-dressing.

On the first floor of the courthouse, we made a bathroom stop. "You're in there," she said firmly, indicating the men's room. "We're going to have to go to the women's." "We'll just back to the hall."

The first chair Phyllis had to sit that morning, Cheryl Bolen, had recently begun living full-time as a woman, but her dinner's house identified her as male. This could cause problems or at least embarrassment if the wait staff pulled over for性别 or needed ID to cash a check. In Texas, the gender identity on a driver's license can be changed at the discretion of a judge. Some judges refuse the request, but Judge Scott Lutke, whom Frye had arranged to hear her client's request, was known to be sympathetic.

We entered his courtroom. Sitting on the back bench was a tall, angular woman in a wine-red jacket and a short black wig. Unlike Phyllis, she radiated a self-assertive awareness and ground her lawyer's arm with relief.

Louising in with Cheryl, Phyllis approached the bench to talk to the judge. I asked Cheryl how old she was. "Fifty-three. I'm an old broad," she said with a nervous laugh.

Her large-waisted hands clasped her red pants. She hunched her shoulders in an unconvincing effort to make herself less conspicuous. Pale, downy hairs grew on her

chan. Her avowal vulnerability made her appealing. I found I was coming to like transsexuals.

Phyllis called Cheryl up to the judge's bench. Judge Turk, a short, serious man in a dark suit, asked Cheryl if she was in bankruptcy, facing criminal charges, or under threat of excommunication, or had any other suspect motive for trying to disengage her identity.

"No. Your Honor."  
"Petition granted."

Throughout this exchange, Judge Turk had kept his eyes fixed on the document. Phyllis had handled him. I got the impression he wanted to confine herself strictly to the legal niceties of the matter before him. Only when finished with his questioning did he look at Cheryl. His face was expressionless. "Congratulations," he said.

"Well, you're legal." Phyllis Faye said after we left the courtroom. "How does it feel?"

Cheryl was handily exultant. Instead, she seemed dazed and somewhat apprehensive. "I'm tired," she said. "I stayed up all night writing letters to my three brothers and two sisters. They still don't know. I had a hard time explaining it."

Phyllis was familiar with the experience. "My son wouldn't talk to me for years when I transitioned," she said. "But now, I'm reconciled to him. We talk. I went to his wedding."

Phyllis departs for some of her recent on-court appearances to represent indigents. One of those clients was to appear that morning before Judge Jim Barr. When we reached his courtroom a short while later, a sheriff brought out a black man in an orange prison jumpsuit. While Phyllis conferred with him, I talked to Judge Barr. He was curious about the reaction to Phyllis around the courthouse.

"I'd be less than honest if I said you don't hear talk," he said. "You always hear. But Phyllis defines a lot of this by being so open. The judge was a straight male with graying hair and a soft drawl. He wore, instead of judicial robes, a navy suit. Even though he was a Republican, he said he did not see the party line on men who dress as women. "If you think she's not normal, that's true. It's not, but is it deviant? Who gives a shit? I want a lawyer who can handle a case and kick butt. Phyllis can do that. So I give her the harder cases."

**D**O YOU JUST GO UP TO PEOPLE and say, 'Hi. I'm transgendered?' Later that evening, I was standing with Phyllis Faye, Dennis Clegg and Dennis' roommates, Wendy Alton, in a ballroom of the Four Seasons hotel in downtown Houston. The rooms, replete with red carpeting and chandeliers, were the site of a fundraiser for John Whitten, a state senator and a力overload with all manner of local legislators lobbying up from Austin. Judges in one-gallon hats and gaudy women wearing their blousy hair in the River Chik-a-kye known as "dyed fried, and coated to the side."

Phyllis Faye had been going to such events for years lobbying rather acrimoniously for a transgender rights bill she had helped draft. It was lonely work so Wendy and Dennis, both of whom had just recently become activists had decided to help. This was their first political event, and Wendy, whose light hair was tightly styled and who had

pale blue eyes behind thick glasses, was trying to figure out the protocol. Does a man dressed as a woman simply approach a Texas politician and say, "Hi. I'm transgendered?" "It's easy," Phyllis told her.

She stopped a passing legislator whose name she knew introduced herself, and explained that she was trying to build support for a bill that would protect the rights of transgenders as well as gay lesbians and bisexual people. As she talked, she held the man's arm, and he locked eyes with her self-consciously as if the best way to conceal his complicated reaction to someone like Phyllis was to concentrate entirely on meeting her gaze. "Send me the bill," he kept saying, never dropping his eyes, never glancing around so no one noticed her trapped in this embarrassing encounter. "Send me the bill so I can read it."

After forty-five minutes at the party, Phyllis drove us in her truck to another fundraiser, this one for a judge in the original courts where Phyllis practices. The party was held at Longhorns, a sit-down in a suburban shopping mall. The reason for the judge's fundraiser was of a altogether cut than the one at the Four Seasons ballroom. There were even more prominent and bold bonhomie, assertive stares and sexualized defensiveness. They lounged around the bar, drinking long-nicks. The judge, a hearty Hispanic man, gave Phyllis a robust hug.

Phyllis introduced Wendy and Dennis to two women lawyers. Dennis began to explain the predicament that the transgendered faced over their driver's licenses. She produced the three driver's licenses she herself has had. The photograph in the first one was of a man with a dark, thick beard. The second was also of a man, though a clear shaven one. Dennis explained that by then she had begun to take hormones. In the photograph on the third license, the one she currently used, the appraiser saw a woman and her sex was listed as female. But, she said, she had been lucky.

Some judges won't let you change the sex category no matter what you look like," she said. "We're still shes going around without the proper ID."

Dennis and Wendy stood down the bar. One of the women lawyers, turning to her friend, opened her mouth and widened her eyes in an expression of mock horror.

It was around this time that I realized how for my own view of the transgendered had come. At first, they had made me slightly uncomfortable. The more I got to know them, the more I came to see them as sympathetic and quite interesting people. Now I found myself admiring their courage because it takes genuine courage to venture out into the world dressed in a way that exposes you to derision, hatred, and possibly even violence.

Longhorns is a cavernous place with a large circular dance floor. Men and women in full cowboy regalia—string tie, gingham shirts, and hand-tied bows with those spurs out, roundly carried riding belts—clashed the Texas two-step around the polished floorsboards.

"Dressing up like a cowboy is a form of drag, isn't it?" I asked Phyllis.

"Of course," she said. Phyllis glanced at the dance floor and took a pull on her long-stem. "They feel safer when they do it. They're strong out their fantasy of themselves. Some do it occasionally, some do it all the time. When you ask them about it, they say they're expressing their personality. But it's as feminine as any cross dressing. We call them transsexuals."

## When Ken Met Barbie

### Introducing Jahna Steele, pinup for the nineties

JAHNA STEELE—singer actress, performer—looks out the window of her Wilshire studio and mimics her shaggy legs. It's in these unguarded moments, when you can look hard without being rude, that you search for something, anything that would tip you off as the fact that she was once a man. If you really try, you might catch just a hint of Craig Lazear's in her upper body, but she's very, very sexual. Female. Finally, John (John before the surgeon did their work) is prettier than most women. And this is very confusing. How does one go beyond the concept that somewhere beneath that \$40,000 worth of cosmetic reconstruction, there's a gap? How could he/she/know what it means to be a woman?

"God," she says, sounding like Heather Locklear. "The last time for so long that I don't know. I never felt like I was ever a guy. I started living as a woman when I was seventeen and had my operation at twenty-one."

"If we met and I didn't tell you, you wouldn't know." (She's right there.) "I've gone out with the most drop-dead gorgeous men in the world and ordinariness I will not even name. And they thought, seriously I might add, that I was a virgin. I can look at myself in the morning and say, 'Okay, you look like a chick.' But if I wake up in the morning and looked like Lisa Ferguson, I'd be like, 'Hey, I am a working—'

Hence how it does work, John, who is thirty-five and very blonde, who came up from San Antonio and won Vegas' Statute Showgirl on the Strip award, and who recently had a romance on *NYPD Blue* needs a straight woman who loves women. And that man must recognize that beneath those girl's there are Y chromosomes. Knowing the same ones that produced Miles Davis.

"Truth," she says, "he'd have to know I look a little gender dysphoria. And I have no problem with men. It's women who are threatened by my glamour. A lot of them. I'll get derogatory comments from women



**Close shave:**  
"I can look at myself in the morning and say, 'Okay, you look like a chick.'

men in the past before, it was a series of ways [a] will he abuse me? [a] treat me like shit? I have been through a string of gorgeous but amateur men. My new thought in life is it's not on the roulette table. Though I have to say my waitress is still looking back over."

What makes Johnas unique among transsexuals is that she is, in effect, a post-operative pinup. In a society in which women strive to be represented by men, Johnas, the souldaughter of a retired police officer, chose to become Las Vegas Barbie. How does she feel when the construction workers start whistling and hooting?

"They usually make money off them—poker, poker. No, I just love glam and our girls." She tosses back her hair.

"It's a beautiful part of being a female. Look. Anna-Margret, loved Raquel Welch—loved all that. I've always been an entertainer. And I have no problem with men. It's women who are threatened by my glamour. A lot of them. I'll get derogatory comments from women

"And I don't believe that a woman can do everything a man can do," she says. "And I've seen some pretty burly dykes. There should be male and female things."

For example?

"Men should pack up the chest." That having been established, there's always the supremely delicate topic of sex. If there's no that there anymore, what's there now?

"You mean the basic woman?" John asks again, her eyebrows like a pair thin laughs. "It's gonna be the same as the one on the last women you made love to. A gynecologist might know, because I don't have a uterus."

And, for the sake of David Hasselhoff, what about orgasms?

"Of course—through the beauty of transitioning. Mathilde See, I had no point of reference. I didn't know what it was like to orgasm before because I was a virgin until after my surgery."

Johns extends a long arm, a gesture of purchase and reassurance. Her skin is soft, translucent, as a puppy's eyelids.

"I have the Mantle stamp of approval on my ass. Hey, I was a bridemaid at my brother's wedding." Responding to perhaps one visual temptation too many, she looks down and adds, "No, they don't change your supplier. These are my same old suppliers. They're not huge, but they're gin nipples. I do have to take hormones every day though. I forgot for a couple of weeks. That would explain the hair on my back. Just kidding. Listen, what are we? We're shells. Vehicles of the soul. My soul is what's feeling. All the surgery in the world won't gonna make you feminine if you can't feel it inside. And I always feel like a woman."

Johns is off now, to judge a karaoke contest at a Whataburger. And I leave question. Has she ever slept in dirty sweat socks?

"Nah." She makes a pouty noise. For a fleeting moment, there's a little Dan Mariano in the depths of her eye. Then it's gone.

"That's it. Conced the dysfunctions too. We're finished."

"Now faced," Johnas admonishes with a wide, "convinced."

**"DRESSING UP like a cowboy is a form of drag,"** says Phyllis Frye. "It's as fetishistic as any cross-dressing. We call them transvestites."

**A**T DINNER ONE NIGHT, during a large family reunion over the Christmas holidays, I created a felonious argument when I suggested that transvestity ought to be accepted.

"It's not normal and shouldn't be accepted as normal."

"But they were born this way."

"No, it's partly choice. It's a man choosing to wear women's clothes, choosing to have his penis cut off."

"If you accept it as normal, what else are you going to accept?"

"What about incest?"

"Forget incest. What about bestiality?"

"Right. What about bestiality?"

"And what about someone who wants to eat his ears off? Is that normal?"

The argument became so bitter that some people began exchanging insults; others, flinging down their napkins, stalked from the dining room enraged, and the differing factions spent the rest of the evening snarling darkly among themselves.

The professional debate over the transgendered and sex-reassignment surgery has been equally intense. It began in 1952, when George Jorgensen, a young World War II veteran and female surgical candidate at a military hospital and changed his name to Christine, *EX-GI BECOMES STUNNING BEAUTY* read a headline in the New York Daily News.

Psychiatrists widely deplored this "female of modern medicine." They denounced her as "confusion with delusion" and "psychoburgery." "If a man cuts off his own penis, they call him a schizophrenic, then if he can persuade a surgeon to cut it off for him, then they call him a transsexual," the psychiatrist Thomas Sane has written.

But the procedure spread. In the 1960s, John Money, who specialized in treating children with genital deformities at Johns Hopkins University, advanced the notion that gender was distinct from sex, possibly because of prenatal hormonal influences. Around the same time, Johns Hopkins became the first university to establish a gender identity clinic and to perform sex-reassignment surgery. Other clinics followed suit. By the late seventies, some forty universities had set up such clinics.

These clinics helped legitimate transsexuals by "medicalizing" their condition. But since most surgeons will perform sex-change operations only if at least two therapists assert that the patient is a "true" transsexual, the therapists at the clinics also exercised a peculiar sort of tyranny over their patients. Not everyone who wanted the surgery was considered a true transsexual. The therapists tried to separate those who only vaguely needed separation from those who really needed it.

Then, in 1979, Jon Mayer, a psychiatrist at Johns Hop-

kins, published a study of patients at the university's gender clinic that he claimed showed that those who had not had surgery subsequently led more "satisfied" lives than those who had. While the study's methods were suspect, it proved influential, forcing Johns Hopkins to stop offering sex-reassignment surgery. Other university hospitals did the same, and by the end of the eighties, only one of the forty university-based gender clinics remained open.

Now, even some transgendered activists oppose sex-reassignment surgery. They question the whole issue of medicalizing gender dysphoria, that is, of treating it as a disease that can be cured by surgery. Since one of the foremost critics of the procedure asks by way of analogy whether a black person who feels he is a white person trapped in a black body suffers from the "disease" of being "transracial"? Or does he instead suffer from a delusion brought about in part by internalizing the racism he has encountered in society? Such "presenting symptoms" are not primarily medical, in this view. They have a large social component. As Janice Raymond writes, "There is no demand for transsexual medical intervention because blacks realize it is their society, not their skin color that needs changing."

For the same reasons, Sane and Raymond argue, it is society and not the sex organs of the transgendered that needs changing. This seemed a compelling position, and I mentioned it one afternoon to Dallas Denney while we were sitting in the book-lined den of her home in suburban Atlanta. Denney is a transsexual scholar, the author of the seven-hundred-page bibliography *Gender Dysphoria: A Guide to Research*.

"What would be wrong with having a pill that could change your skin color?" Denney asked. "Then anybody could be whatever color they wanted."

This idea, like sex-reassignment surgery, actually seems to violate some sense of natural order, of the essential humanity of people. It would be the ultimate expression of the trend Thomas Sane has argued against: the growing dependence on science to provide technological or medical solutions to what are in fact fundamental ethical or social difficulties that perhaps technology will provide the ultimate solution to irreconcilable problems like racism. After all, what really would be wrong with reducing race to a matter of personal preference? Would it be accommodating bigotry or circumventing it?

And wouldn't there really anything wrong with making gender a question of choice? In her view, Denney said, transsexuality was just one more manifestation of the human urge to transform the body, an urge that throughout the centuries has expressed itself in foot-binding, earlobes stretching, nose bones lengthening, shellfish, and, in contemporary society circumcision, liposuction, breast implants, nose jobs, face lifts, and lip-thickening collagen injections.

If it is all right to alter your face beyond recognition—and in London a woman named Cindy Jackson has, with all letters from any therapist, undergone plastic surgery to make herself look like *Barbie*—why not your genitals? In



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Cou Diving, Sex, and Gender: the Intimate Vern and Sonja Ballouge ask, "Is it the mystical power of the sex organs, with all of their magical and religious connotations, that makes the decision so fraught with meaning that plastic surgery for a face does not have?"

**M**ARINE WILL HURT in a minute," the secretary said. "She's on a conference call." I was on the sleek, bone-white reception area of an office on K Street in Washington, D.C. It housed a consulting firm that arranged venture capital and provided regulatory advice to software companies. One of its executives was Martine Rothblatt, a transsexual with a law degree and an M.B.A., who is the vice-chairwoman of the biotech committee of the International Bar Association and who just completed a book called *The Aphorism of Sex*.

In the book, Martine compares today's sexual segregation to the Jim Crow era of the south and calls for the abolition of gender distinctions in America, eliminating the categories of male and female from official documents like driver's licenses and marriage licenses; getting rid of same-sex bathrooms, replacing words such as he and she with gender-neutral nomenclature such as he/him, but what interested me was less the specifics of her utopian agenda than her insistence in the book that her transsexualism was purely and simply a consumer opinion, and an effortless one, too, supported by her colleagues, her spouse, and her four children, including her twelve-year-old son and seventeen-year-old daughter.

"Hello, John."

Martine had long black hair tied in a ponytail. Her eyes were large and dark, her jaw somewhat square. She wore a brown blazer and flared jeans. She had a quiet deliberate manner and a soft handshake. We settled into a expensive chair in a glass-walled conference room.

"I never felt I was a woman trapped in a man's body," Martine told me. "I was at regular a man as you can imagine." Growing up in Southern California, she said, she surfed, skied, climbed mountains, played racquetball. And she partied. "I've done as many sex-pads with the guys as anyone."

Martine started cross dressing during college. "It was like changing your identity. I'd sort of emboldened you feel skinning down a steep slope." Unlike many spouses, Martine's wife, who is black and thus already in what Martine calls a "binational marriage," never had any problems with it. "She said, 'I love you for yourself!'" By the time Martine was in her mid-twenties she had begun to think it might be interesting to spend the second half of her life as a woman.

Many transsexuals speak of loathing their male organs. In one case cited by the psychologist John Money, a transsexual who underwent surgery announced his intention to commit suicide in front of the hospital unless the operation was performed. I asked Martine if her decision to change her sex was accompanied by self-hatred.

"No."

"It wasn't an agonized, tortured process?"

"No. I thought it would be neat to have a more attractive body in middle."

"But why not just live as a woman? Why have surgery?"

"It was there. I'm the kind of person who, if I'm going

to do something, I'm going to do it to the max."

I asked about the effects on Martine's children. Her eighteen-year-old son, the said, encouraged her. Her seventeen-year-old daughter was equally receptive, and since she had already been cross-dressing for years at home, her two younger children, who still call her Dad, didn't notice much change after the operation. "The little kids are asked at school, 'Is it true your dad's a girl?' They say, 'Yeah, so what?'" The adults Martine knew were equally supportive. "My fellow workers said, 'Go for it, girl,' and some of the neighbors came up and hugged me."

I asked Martine whether, since she'd gone to all the trouble of actually having a vagina constructed, she had ever felt like having intercourse with a man.

"I've always been attracted to women."

"But didn't you want to at least try it out, see if?"

"I had no urge to have a man make love to me. I love my spouse. I love my new body. We love our sex."

Martine said on occasion she had the surgery was that it eliminated the need to take hormones, which often wipe out the sex drive of pre-op transsexuals. "I was orgasmic within three or four weeks of the operation," she said.

By the time I met Martine, it seemed to me irreducible that this gender dysphoria had some sort of genetic origin, like left-handedness or cleft palate, it was an infrequent but regularly occurring phenomenon in the human gene pool. I understood why, for political reasons, the transgendered resist such theories, which suggest they suffer from an ab normality that could one day be cured. Nonetheless, a central feature of human experience is the attempt to explain human experience. Bisexuality should be no more strange than an anorexic that masturbates, so I was repulsed by Martine's refusal to admit that a cause might exist for it.

"It's a lifestyle choice," she said. She was dismissive of both psychological and sociobiological explanations. "They're bullshit."

There was something maddeningly opaque about Martine's answers. It is almost impossible to imagine that someone would view such a drastic, irreversible step as non-mandatory surgery in the spirit of a recreational experiment. Gender, she was suggesting, was just a marketing decision, a way you can choose to position yourself. But if that is true then Martine, and, by implication, all of us, are nothing more than the sum of our lifestyle choices. We have no essential, irreducible selves.

Or maybe what is essential and irreducible is the mystery of our selves. Maybe our mistake, our delusion, is to forget that, for all our efforts, human life can never in the end be satisfactorily explained. The transgendered embody mystery. If, in doing that, they create what Marjorie Garber called "the ethics of category itself," undermining our faith not just in gender but in our very ability to conceptualize the world, they at least make the rest of us *sweat* that we, too, are part of the mystery.

Toward the end of our conversation, Martine was trying to explain what it felt like to be a woman. When I said that I had always found women, with their greater capacity for intimacy and their less competitive conversational style, more interesting than men, she suddenly brightened and said in a triumphant tone, "You're outgadged!"

"In that sense," I said, "I guess everyone is."

"Exactly."

# Last Call of the Wild

Fishing enters the therapy culture, which is why we now have trout snobs, fake nature, and a class war over the great outdoors

BY JONATHAN RABAN

I FIRST NOTICED THAT something odd was happening in fishing—the passion of my boyhood and an occasional pleasure in my adult life—on a visit to New York in 1986. The Ralph Lauren store on Madison Avenue had become a museum of old fishing tackle and pored affectuously over the displays of gunboats and split cane rods, wicker creels, fly boxes, bone-beaded wooden reels, and darning needles stuck about with flies. Though I hadn't fished in a dozen years, I could still name the like—Greenwell's Glory, Cachy-Bonduel Silver Doctor, trap indispensable.

For me, the odd was poignant with memories of the generally world of English brooks and chalk streams. It surprised a crew of aged gentrified souls stretching of sleep-tossed and pipe-smoking Liver spots. Biblical species. Whiskey and soda ("Chaa-chaar") in the snug bar of the Dog and Duck.

That these charmers had somehow become the cynosure of New York's fashion in the eighties, or at least that their dandified panoply was being cast as a lure to hook the effete young on shirts and pants and Neosens, was so bizarre that I began to suspect Ralph Lauren of having a ribald and amorous wit. What would he do next? Stump collecting? Amateur charmetry? "Say mon?"

Then came Robin Redford's movie version of Norman Mailer's *A River Runs Through It*, a feature-length Ralph Lauren window display. In a muted sepia light, men in period leisure wear did pretty strolls with varnished antique fly rods. The wryly craft of casting put them in touch with the bucolic past, and a made them at home in nature—at home in their own nature. The grace of the line unrolling from the rod tip, the fly kissing the surface of the water as a trout rose to meet it, was pure fishman's pleasure. Then, with the real bone and a hoop, one could fed in the mawculine of one's own fineness the burgeoning chubster of the fish at the other end. In an as-yet-unexplored Edie, we were joined to wild nature by a thread of cold silk.

That urge now has a prognosis that would have seemed incomprehensible a few years ago. Within the last decade, we've come to live with the idea that nature is in fifth gear. The campsites are piling up orange—the dying species, ruined forests, wrecked habitats. Wilderness, once thought of as meshuggaish, has been reduced to posited wilderness trials, with peak negotiators issuing permits to overnight campers. Like any other commodity, nature, by growing scarcer, has shot up in value, and access to the wild has become a luxury and an emblem of social status.

The what do you do when you get there? Hugging tree trunks after the first splinter or two. Fishing is too tame and objectives for people used to displays of competitive prowess. Rock climbing is dangerous. Hunting lands one in moral difficulties in mixed company. A River Runs Through It offered a solution in the form of an exegesis of covetable goods and garments: the estimable landscape



of the Northwest, a show off skill, and the promise of a dinner at the wild.

So the Sage graphs are weight increased in a monogrammed leather cylinder slides onto the BMW, as he nudges the car phone. Born in the underground garage on the Upper East Side, the rod is capable of some remarkable distance casting, though confirming its owner to a parking, snow fed river, nine states away. The line soars, loops over Wisconsin, unfolds past the Dakotas, and falls weightlessly across the current of the Clark Fork. There's an answering ring, like a small electric shock, and you're in touch.

**W**HEN I ARRIVED from London to Seattle six years ago, my self-satire was dictated by the discovery that I was part of a mass movement of city people piling into the Northwest, because they wanted to rub up against whatever was left of nature. We brought bird books, tree books, and Japanese macrobiotics that you can flip out of your coat pockets to open in a passing half-light when the car stalled at a jinx on the morning commute.

Seattle is a city faced on the counterclockwise flight paths of sea and lake show at the ends of streets, and in upward glances finds uncapped mountain peaks between the high-rises. downtown is crowded with stores that cater to the nature industry—Patagonia, REI, Eddie Bauer. A river runs through Eddie Bauer: a molecular mountain stream that tumbles over slate falls, slips through the middle of the up-to-date store. The fishing department is stolid on its east bank. There are no trout in the Bauer River, so far as I could see, and the index reader is listed with small change instead of pennies, but it makes the point that in Seattle, trout water is always at the heart of things. The city is bisected by the Lake Washington Ship Canal, where, enclosed by the sea locks, there's an underground bunker with aquarium windows, where one can watch Pacific salmon climb the ladder on their way from the ocean to the inland river. In their tanks, otters and long salmon pack into the ladder as tightly as sandines in a can, jostling one another, fin to fin, they struggle up against the current, huge, brilliant, blonde streaks dreams in a blind rage and spawn and die.

I had never seen a city with so many shapes devoted to fly-fishing, such as fly-fitting classes, casting clinics, and a childhood for the news of the day—in that the Royal Canadian Mounted Police were fishing well on the St. Lawrence. Several million dollars are spent every year in Seattle on fly rods, reels, lines, leaders and flies—and that is only the beginning of a river of money that fills motel rooms and restaurant tables, funds the state Department of Fish and Wildlife through license fees, keeps tourist packets on the shelves of

the outdoor-clacking stores, and pays the wages of professional guides. The backslings to be purposefully alone in nature have major commercial ramifications.

Seattle, Oregon, are the twin capitals of a particularly dramatic and intense form of fly fishing: the ritual possession of the steelhead trout. The steelhead is a queer fish, as big as a salmon, weighing anywhere up to thirty-five pounds; it's usually described as a fine sea-run brown trout, which is like describing a Blarney Catholic as a Southern Baptist with a nose for income. It spends most of its life at sea, in the ocean south of the Aleutians, and unlike the Pacific salmon, it returns to set up the nest of its salmon cousins. Whereas salmon lay up to two million eggs and to a sizeable steelhead move in ones and twos, and though these are distinct summer runs and winter runs, they enter the rivers during every month of the year.

Wild steelhead (sea-run fly fishers dispute hatchery bred "plane fish") are now rare enough to make them prized. Since they do not ordinarily live in freshwater but live all of the accumulated fat of sea-run or those years' growth in sea, they are amazingly hard to tempt with an artificial fly, and steelhead has the quizzing glances of a mature human. The first fly-fisher I met was a man I found wading ashore from a surface-water rifle on the Snoqualmie River, a half-hour's drive from downtown Seattle. I hadn't yet bought any fishing gear and wanted hints and tips. I asked the man if he'd result contact with a fish.

"No," he said and took on a visible glow as he described casting a long cast across the current and how after a moment's pause, the cast kept on going and going while the red pin-striped life a giddy disbelief. "It was only on for a few seconds—but it's the few seconds that you remember on all the foolish days." It stays with you. "And that was just down here, this morning?"

"I got a dry-hopper look."

"Huh," he said, "won three months ago. Nards of October," making a sound like a date for marching bands and fireworks displays.

**E**AST OF SEATTLE, off Highway 415, lies the cutting edge of suburbia, where new housing developments sprout from patches of finally cut-down woodland. Here, in the foothills of the Cascades, the rivers fluctuate after their headlong tumblings from the mountains. Here, the newsworthy native hoppers settle, check by jowl with the woods and the water. Whenever you look, the far mist part to admit another head-on community of identical houses. Timber with brick trimmings, they're half-Olive English gentrification, half-overgrown log cabin. They are painted in panel shades of

buff, pink ochre—the colors of western Washington rain clouds come into view as anglers the banners swing out over the unbrushed streets, and the names of these settlements promise the house buyer that here is the perfect vacation rural idyll—Cottage Creek, Agnesswood, Cedar Park, Lake of the Woods (More Home and More Privacy).

This is home-free and software country. Small town police entities—steelhead masters of Myspace—dot the landscape, while the Internet is right next to all of a piece. Lightly built, thrice-painted, and brassy looking, they drive VW Golfs with sunroofs in the back. The men would be seen about to owning a gun as they would to actually hunting those personal satyruses. But they go steelheading.

In a cloud-colored house with couch lamps in a development called Chestnut Glen, lives the publisher, editor and cover star of a new follow-the-skin slick, Wild Steelhead and Atlantic Salmon. I'd read Tom Peto before I ever heard, and enjoyed the laicized angling songs of his editorial credo:

We believe in the brain-wrapping swirl of a salmon-pounder under your boy's fly. In the twenty-four-hour Norwegian summer lights in the brilliant end of an October maple reflected in the Myspace as a scratched Windex fly box filled with sick featherwing doubles, or a drizzling river the color of jade, as blue campfire smoke in the low downy-morn of wilderness water sloshing rhythmically against the bottom of your loaded tail. An hundred-year-old salmon fishing book, in leather red cases in the smell of spruce after a hard rain.

Driving into Chestnut Glen, I saw how a country was also born upon Peto's writing style and the street of pale repub houses on which he lived. Both were historical for the genteel European post, for names for old craftsmen-style artifacts. It was a rainy February morning when I visited Peto, and his house was full of the smell of wet spruce (in jeans wear Douglas fir) leather red cases and hundred-year-old fishing books.

Engrossed, ransacked, and weather-tanned, Peto was a few years older than his standard-issue neighbors, but like them he was a newcomer. His life was defined by his fishing. He grew up in Massachusetts, but the East Coast was barren of the Atlantic salmon that used to swim up its rivers—they had disappeared in the eighteenth century. Instead of Native English millflowers whose diets had broken their way upstream, Steelhead were lured to the West Coast, he said. In 1977, he began editing *True Angler*, moving it, in 1984, to Bend, Oregon. At the beginning of 1993, he moved up the coast to Seattle to start Wild Steelhead.

With an full page watercolors and line drawings in edible landscape photography and tea-dollar cover price, *The Best Fishing Magazine Ever Published!* is another sign of the social ascent of fly-fishing.

"Steelheading used to be a working-class sport," Peto said in his scuttling nonconducive hair given to a by-lagger Boeing engineer, construction workers. Whereas famous has on Scottish salmon rivers had split-spine, showing more status like Name Pool, the Willows, the Dunes, comparable reaches of seaweed water were called Cockeye Hole. Skagit River was "overline Hole." Steelhead lines were "shore fit, belly-fit, chalks of meat," with names like the Blue, Green Bull Slants, Brad's Big, Moose Tard, Killes, Juicy Bag. "When the runs collapsed," said Peto, "the old working-class fishermen quit."

For the new generation of anglers, the rarity of the wild steelhead was its point. To connect with one was to experience an epiphany. That a person might go by without a touch only multiplied the purity of the species. The new guys used flies tied on bamboo hooks, and on the rare days when they brushed a fish, they carefully set their hands, raised the fish to have its pause taken, and let it swim free. You do not club an epiphany to death.

The class distinction between the old and new fisherman was mirrored by the distinction between the increasing small and select runs of wild steelhead, and the common mix of fish born in Department of Fish and Wildlife hatcheries. When Peto spoke of hatchery fish he talked in language of class metaphor. The hatchery eggs contained in buckets of pink caviar squirmed with rich, some of "quaintable origins," "foreign stock." They were raised in "concrete jabs," and when they came back from their paces at sea, they did not, like wild fish, enter the even like gentlemen, one by one, but came "in slugs like racetrack groups." They "destroyed the character of the wild method."

The politics of nature in the Northwest are fought along hard ideological lines, and when Peto blared away about genuine and counterfeit fish, he was taking a political stand on a subject that goes far beyond the question of steelhead genetics. The diminishing runs of "wild native" fish, like the diminishing stands of old-growth forests, represent the remains of a great inheritance, now diluted and devolved by an influx of forged currency manufactured by the timber industry or the Department of Fish and Wildlife. "Nature" here is disowning, as the newcomer to the region quickly learns. In your innocence, you see a pair of green forest reaching up a mountainside, song it to [you are informed] a tree farm, a plantation of firs, like the same age and size with none of the comic characteristics, the canopies and understoreys, that make a true forest into a natural habitat for, say, the spotted owl, that disked, cross-eyed hawk whose housing requirements have been at the center of so much contentious debate. You see a steelhead warmly swimming and taking in way upstream from the mouth to the creek where it was born young. It is a hatchery runout, a mass-produced, proletarian creature with the pernicious instincts of a bore and breed gang members.

Since you find yourself taking every landscape that you see this way and that again the light, like an art dealer searching a painting for signs of authenticity ("It is not right" is an dealer parlance for fake), and a dam on a river a planted tree, a farmed fish, a day late, a dousing of oil on the grave bottom of a stream, the disease ideal of a buzz saw, are giveaway signs that the landscape is not right. These are unseen costs. If they were applied to England, the whole country would be shown up as a gigantic fake, the product of some wise hundred years of intensive agriculture and technology with no real nature left in it all.

Take the point in the special case of the Pacific Northwest, where odd patches of impermeable habitat still survive and might yet be saved. But there's a nasty snarl of conservation consciousness in the way these tests are conducted. It is the newcomers themselves who are the fiercest judges of the landscape, the couple fresh from Brooklyn or New Haven who raise their voices louder against the loggers, fish biologists, developers, and all the other dealers of the wilderness, and they do so in the aggrieved tones of people who fear they're not getting their money's worth.

## For the new generation of anglers, the rarity of a steelhead was its point. To connect with one was to experience an epiphany. You do not kill an epiphany.

Like the spayed owl, the wild minkhead has become a nocturnal species. If you can find one you are looking at real natural nature. It comes with a cushioning halo in guarantee of authenticity, in the form of an intact adipose fin [platypus fur have theirs dropped off before the pelts are opened, and so carry the signs of their unnatural origins for the rest of their lives, like bound slaves].

This obsession with locating the genuine in nature is part and parcel of the longer quest to find the genuine in our own nature. After all, we came out here to slay off our superficial urban selves (those commercial industrial products) and be well, more real than we were back in our earthy nests. Going fishing has entered the therapy culture.

I BOUGHT A NINE-WEIGHT ROD and practiced casting from our third floor deck onto the roof of the neighbor's house. It was early and steep, but after half an hour of losing serial equanimity my wrist began to move its memory, and I was laying a more or less straight line just upstream of the chimney pot. I made a date to spend a day on the Skagit River with Doc Hogan, a guide known as a steelhead maven.

Weld arranged to meet at the crack of a late February dawn, at a gas station outside the town of Concrete, Washington, where I checked into a motel and went barhopping along Main Street. Concrete was hardly a hundred miles to the northeast of Seattle, but the two-hour drive seemed longer. It took me back to the middle of the river, to an envirably gaudless and robust attitude toward nature.

Concrete people were still smoldering. In the bare drifts of papery violet fog threw the pool players into sick focus. The Saturday night crowd of broad-beamed folk put one in mind of circa dogo jo jo, and who else of chocolate-chaparrone dough as cream? The bars were instruments to local sport and industry. Their walls were hung with many two men saws with mission advertising the Washoeite Repeating Arms Company alongside Madelob and Budweiser, with antlers, stag heads, and the panted-out skins of wild cats. No bar in Concrete was properly a bar without a stuffed lynx or bobcat to back arch, its right-hand fangs bared madly against the viewer, jaws wide open for the kill.

The steelheaders (the full-blood examples of the genre that I saw all looked as if they were by the score hand) had gone to a lot of trouble to represent these creatures as the embodiment of primal ferocity. An anatomically stuffed lynx might easily look like the butchert's pet mouse, the one in Concrete had been equipped with gleaming dentures with two lachrymous and their incisors were painted in Day-Glo water. They stood for the wilderness, at once mortal enticing, like the hunter-as-hero in Concrete people knew how to relate to nature. They chopped it down, shot it, trapped it, killed it, ate it.

I liked Concrete a lot. It was a welcome escape from the giddy giddy atmosphere of Seattle. I dined on cholesterol-laden steak, up a Swisher Sweets, called for a Chivas Brothers brandy and felt pleasantly red in tooth and claw for the first time in ages.

Near morning there was a droning of frost on the ground outside the motel and a humpy skin of ice on the car windshield. Doc Hogan was waiting in the gas station, his bus in now behind a mud-splattered truck. He'd laid over the phone that he was there, but his face was so crooked that he looked a good ten years older like Pops he wore a reas-

cache for worms. I guessed. Freezing rain is thought to be ideal weather for winter-run steelhead, and Hogan's face, caved and windburned, might have belonged to some arctic explorer. The night of it made me want to go home.

We drove a dozen miles up Highway 10, the road clinging to the winding contour of the riverbank. Hogan, adding at the water said, "My office." The Skagit was swollen with snowmelt from the recent winter spell, and as winterless spring was replaced with the crazy Arctic of deep turbulence—water in frozen with winter, moving in great swirls and bolts of fleecy white allowing where the river's course was broken by boulders the see of Ford Exports. Two hundred yards or so from bank to bank, pouring westward at eight or nine knots the Skagit were growing, bearishly, through the woods a big wild brine of a river and perfect steelhead water.

Hogan launched the Madame drift boat from a clearing by a timber bridge. The sun a hot wail, had narrowly stopped the seasonal edge of the mountain snowfields when in impulsive chess strokes half frogs, half men—we began to tick downstream. The river was startlingly still—calm with a dash of lime. Turbulence kept on throwing the bottom out of focus like smoke in a Concrete bar but every few seconds an oval window of water would open on an otherwise somber of boulders and flat down.

"Steelhead mom," Hogan said, looking in.

But every room was silent so far I could see. A bright flash in the rocks was someone's lost fishing lure, a prancing, torpedo shaped dark shadow was a washed log.

In recent life it always marks us in the plummier-rich Puget Sound, which has the appearance of thick, bad soap. Steelhead is granite, and the Skagit, empty of waste of runoff sheets of almost everything except the odd codfish larvae was brilliant and lifeless. Only steelhead, on an extended Ramadan after years of oceanic self-indulgence could live happily in this pristine garment of melted snow.

Hogan beached the drift boat on a patch of silt. "Do you see the stain in the water there?" A sandbar deflected the current streaming from the north to the south bank of the river, the "stain" was a sharp pencil line where the fast-moving water of the maincurrent rubbed against the silt water on its northern side. A string of finger size whirlpools marked its length. The idea was to fish along, and just aside this stain. You're looking for walking steel water."

Steelhead do their traveling in triple and wet up by day. They long out on the fringe of the maincurrent, taking themselves in behind boulders, saving their energy for the journey they will make when covering delicious falls. The problem is time to find their hidey-holes, then to get the fly down deep enough to intercept them.

Below the sandbar lay deep in the freezing river. I began to cast, pushing the line across the current and trying to let the fly drift downstream. Tens and again the current seized the line, helping it out so that the fly started to use itself across the top of the water. Hogan at my elbow made suggestions while my rod lost consciousness. I improved, slowly, under Hogan's instruction, and it wasn't long before I was fishing in earnest, probing the river with the fly as it went shimmering through the deep. "Remember," he said, "you're trying to find the needle in the haystack."

Somewhere down there lay something. With each cast, I tried to contact it. Fog split phone screeled.

"Nobody at home," Hogan said.

Back in the drift boat we floated on downstream the



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sweat of current churning like a breathfire under the ball  
On both banks, leafless stems clattered from an inchoate tangle  
of blackberry and soil. I studied the fly I had been using—a  
muscled creation of Hogan's and a work of violent artistry.  
For polar bear, part jungle croc, part Christmas tree,  
part sergeant major, it was an object one might meet in  
Native American mythology or a seriously bad dream.

"It's meant to be lifelike," Hogan said.  
"Like what? Like a shrimp or a squid or..."

"No. Like life."

I dangled it in the water, where it quivered and collected

scraps of light.

"See how the haddocks are working?"

"Is it just supposed to annoy the hell out of the fish?"

"I think it's territorial. He sees this other creature on his

patch and bang! I don't think he gives it too much thought."

We fished the next pool in tandem with me leading the  
way downstream and Hogan following. I tried to imagine  
the haddock thing as it presented itself as a ball of turbulence and  
swim on a zigzag track across the current—and the fish,  
half asleep in the lot of a boulder, suddenly alert to the pres-

ence of an impostor. Pierrot consumed entrails. Hunched  
over the rock, firefinger crooked around a loop of  
line, I won all appearance and intent, with each fish cast,  
the unseen mouthhead grew more palpable, until it was so  
nearly this that I was in a  
state of pernicious shock at the sudden, violent wrench  
of the fish's mouth on the fly.

Underfoot, the basalt  
pebbles were grotesquely  
stuck, and my toes were  
numb. Halfway down the  
pool, I clambered ashore onto  
the warning sand. I'd  
seen the sob of his right's  
Swallow. Swent to celebrate  
my first fish; now I lit it in  
honor of a phantom. Launching  
a cataract of smoke into the mountain air, I lay on the  
sand and watched Hogan.

He was making enormous casts with a double-handed  
Spey rod. It was a deprecating sight, to see seventy-five or  
eighty feet of line spilt from his rod tip and uncoiled limply  
over the water, where it made a weightless, lancing arc true  
as a line of longitude. Up to his solar plexus in the river,  
padding confidently along as slippery boozers, paws working  
slowly on a quad of chewing tobacco, casting like an an-  
gler he was giving a horrifying demonstration of how to  
make oneself comfortably at home in nature.

The nasal churring of a woodpecker in a tree was over-  
laid, on the surface, by a cowboy yodel from Hogan. It wasn't a woodpecker; it was the yodeler on the rock, and a  
fish running fast and deep across the current.

"Not a lightning bolt," Hogan called, as the sound  
dropped in pitch to a drowsily trawling whisper. The big Spey rod  
was bent in a half circle, as with tip shooting. Humped  
by waves, I stumbled along the water's edge. It was like  
trying to sprint through glue.

By the time I reached him, Hogan was a vision magnified.  
His long whip flicked and, far away under the trees on  
the far bank, the fish dived into the air and hung there, a  
glowing quarter moon whose swollen bullock made  
the rest of the world look flat and monochromatic. Hogan's leaping  
fish released from the laws of perspective, a blare of silver,  
spraying the air with light, looked like the manifestation  
of some unworthy presence. It was too big for the river, too full  
of life for the sterile clarity of the water from which it sprang.

Within two or three minutes, the fish was swimming  
wearily in the shallows, directly under Hogan's rod tip.  
It had shrunk a lot since its moment of glory in the air. It  
turned out to be a sea trout, solid (it exhibited an commendable  
adipose fin as a ruffly) about six pounds—a codiller as  
steedlike as it splashed and swallowed, shook the bushes  
from its mouth and was gone. It left a fishing week in  
the water, like a working hubcap.

"This was a good day—now it's a great day," Hogan  
said. It was his first full day in more than a week.

All afternoon, we drifted and fished, drifted and fished.  
An eagle riding a thermal descended over us; we floated past

the white stamp of young trees, nably logged by humans.  
We paddled over a succession of swell rapids, then  
rounded down a long, deep translucent pool. I hung over the bow of the drift boat,  
searching the checkerboard of colored rocks and gravelly  
holes for fish. Not a. He stared at that beautiful, de-  
signed underwater world.

When the sun collapsed  
into the Douglas fir on a  
hilltop not far off, the whole  
valley was immediately re-  
frigerated. The chill was bar-  
bar as I began to fish the last  
pool. The opposite bank  
was a sheer cliff of greenery,  
fast, tarting black, and the  
bands of current in the river  
seemed had lost their sparkle and taken on the vicious look  
of powdered air. A truck, its headlights on fall beans, roared  
the trees fifty feet above the water. I'd gone forgotten  
about the road, farther, the sound of the river, half wind,  
half rainfall, had drowned the noise of traffic—but now I  
saw that the whole day had been spent not in a wilderness  
but on a roadside.

Neither this thought nor the icy cold could drag me  
back to the boat and the last half mile to the public camp. I  
could for the life of me, ready themselves to see from their  
diaphanous balconies and begin the long night's cruise up  
stream. I was earning better now. My luck was in.

It was just a question of getting an extra yard farther  
out—a foot or eighteen inches deeper. The fly was so  
nearly widow much of the fact that it seemed that one less  
muscular push would make the connection. I cast and cast,  
and I could no longer see where my leader was falling on  
the water. Back in the boat as Hogan ferried us out the current.  
I held out two frozen white forefingers within half an  
inch of each other. "It was this close," I said.

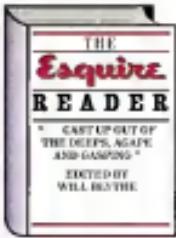
## Hogan's leaping fish, released from the laws of perspective, looked too big for the river, too full of life for the sterile clarity of the water from which it sprang.

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# The Ordeal of a Thousand Cuts

BY JOHN BANVILLE

## Sleep

I AM NEVER AT EASE in the presence of sleeping people—that is, I am even less at ease with them than I am when they are awake. When I was married, I mean when I still had a wife and all that, I would have preferred to spend my nights alone, though of course I had not the nerve to say so. It is not so much the unsavory element of sleep that disturbs me, though that is disturbing enough, but the particular kind of soliloquy to which the sleeper at my side abandons me. It is so strange, this way of being alone. I think of Transylvania, woodoo, that sort of thing. There I sit, on worse, he, or the dark, in the presence of the trusted, who seem to have assumed a sort of sophocles, who seem so adroit, resting in the deeply breathing calm on a darkened plain between two worlds there and in the same time infinitely far removed from me. It is at such moments that I am most acutely aware of my conscious self, and feel the electric throb and singe, the flaccid and awful weight of being a living, thinking thing. The whole business then seems a scandal, or a dreadful joke devised by someone who has long since gone away, the point of which has been lost and in which we are in laughing. My wife, now, was a sponge of endless desire. Her head would hit the pillow and swish! with a few preparatory shudders she was gone. I wonder if it was her way of escaping from me. But these, I go falling into sleep again, my bearing me. God knows what it was she was escaping. Just everything, I suppose. If escape it was

Probably she was in the same fix as me, wanting a lot her left to lie down in and not daring to say so. To be alone. To be at one. Is that the same? I don't think so. To be at one with a caustic phant. I've never understood exactly what it means. And I what was I like when I sleep, as I occasionally do? Something crooked, I imagine, crooked doggo and ready to spring out of the dark, fangs flashing and eyes greedily alive. No no, that is altogether too fine, too sleek, more like a big headed, blubbery thing cast up out of the sleeps, grape and graping.

## Kiss

THE KISS Well. The effect of it was to last for days—no weeks. I felt like something that had been shattered and yet was still of a piece, all run through with hurtling muscle and flattery and roasting on my bone as if I were an effigy carved from ice and she had come running at me with a hammer and delivered me a ringing blow. I brooded clandestinely on that brief encounter in a state of gloomy joyfulness and musing, turning the memory of a day way and then, scrutinizing it from every possible angle. At times I got myself into such a state of frisking speculation that I imagined it had happened at all. It was as long since I had found a woman, I hardly knew how a should feel, and anyway I was always old-fashioned in these matters. Nowadays

young people (I still thought her much younger than she was) seemed to kiss each other at the drop of a hat. Every where I looked they were at it, in the theater, in restaurants, on bicycles even. And it was not the daintier, self-blinded, grapping of my day, but the real thing, open mouthed, gross grinding, noisy. I knew I watched them. (It is a wonder I wasn't arrested.) And of course I could not be less than had reason as much to her as he had to me, the tongue of flame that had licked my middle-aged flesh and made it taste would hardly register surely, on her hot young body. She was being kissed all the time and thought nothing of it. Yes, I would tell myself sternly, it was nothing at all to her, she hardly noticed it, and I would give myself a vigorous shake like a dog out of water, and go on about my business, only to fall again senselessly with redoubled frenzy into tomorrow's red-eyed, hopeless speculation. Let, did I say it was like shivering across a mud pool, more like fire, hot and burning, and the thought of her a bubble rising and steadily swelling, and then breaking the surface and bursting with an awful plop while down in the depths another blob of tortured speculation was already forming itself.

## Flesh

**W**E HAD NO WINTER; it was always daylight when we saw the Oh, the allure of those power-colored afternoons, with the muffled hum of the city below us and the shudder of rain on the window and our breath white as thoughts in the moonless and somehow swooping air under that crimson colored ceiling. She did put up curtains brown hairy things that hung in lumpy folds like snakes, but we never drew them. I wanted to look at her in the harsh light, to see the pores and blanchness and the bold dark hair that stood erect under my caresses, especially I measured those noses when exhausted, or half asleep, she would so sprawl across the couch, flushed and agape, headdown in flagellation of herself and of me, then I would sit by her side with my legs drawn up and arms clasped about my knees and study her such by such from her gnarled fingers as her splashed, glistening long toes, devouring her slowly, ruminally, in an evaporated consciousness of the senses. How palely delicate she was! She glimmered. Her skin had a grainy thick texture that it seemed, when she was out of sorts, or tired, I found excruciatingly unpleasant to the touch. She was always there behind all the transports and the adoration that faint, faint, assistive kind of desire, waiting, like pain allyed, waiting, and reminding. This I am convinced is what sex is. The

aesthetic that makes beside the flesh of another And we erect cathedrals upon it

## Execution

**T**HE WORLD WAS OUR BIN, our secret. We never spoke of it, never mentioned it at all, for that would have been to run per the magic. And it was magic more wondrous than whip, working transfigurations of the flesh. She did not look at me when I was wielding it, but shot her eyes and rolled her head from side to side, slick-mouthed in ecstasy like Bernini's Saint Theresa, or stood off studiously into the plush curtained chamber of her fixation. She was a devotee of pain, nothing was as real to her as suffering. She had a photograph, torn from some book that she kept in her purse and showed me one day, taken by a French anthropologist sometime in the turn of the century, of a criminal being put to death by the ordeal of a thousand cuts in a public square in Peking. The poor wench herself, in slippers and black pajama pants, was hunched to a stoik in the middle of a smelly courtly crowd who seemed merely to have paused for a moment in passing to have a look at this free trial before gauging on about their bawdy business. There were two executioners, very little fellows with pagodas, also in black, also wearing skullcaps. They must have been taking the job in turns, for one of them was having a switch, with a hand pressed in the small of his back, while his fellow was leaning forward cutting a good-size gash into the flesh of the condemned man's left side just under the rib cage with a small, curved knife. The whole scene had a roundness of slightly frosty, eddying look to it, as if it were a winter holiday and the execution a familiar and very interesting part of the day's entertainment. What was most striking was the victim's expression. His face was lifted and inclined a little to one side in an attitude at once thoughtful and passive; the eyes can upward so that a line of white was visible under the pupils, the ring of his hands had forced his shoulders back, and he knuckled, acrobatic chest out. He might have been about to deliver himself of a stirring soliloquy or least an ecstatic song. Yet, contrary, that is to say that's what his master suggested, the ecstasy of one lost in contemplation of a monstrous beauty far more real than the one in which his sufferings were taking place. One leg of his loose trousers was hunched up towards the executioner—the one with the crook in his back, no doubt—he had been at work on the calf and the soft place at the back of the knee, a rivulet of black blood extended in a zigzag from his narrow, sharply knit and dissipated among the feet of the crowd. It



How does an Irish novelist escape the brilliant but oppressive potholmancy of James Joyce? Go East, middle-aged man! Hit the Copacabana! That's what Samuel Beckett did, and that's what John Banville, perhaps the premier Irish novelist of the day, has done, modeling his writing after Nabokov's. His narrative-rich novels, which include *The Book of Evidence* and *Angela*, avoid the singsong liltiness favored by Joyce-struck poets. Banville's forthcoming novel is *Memory* (Knopf), from which the paragraphs above have been excerpted. They reveal the frostily oil-painted brilliance of Banville's prose

# A Beer and Some Chips with Jeffrey Dahmer

BY VERNELL BASS

**O**NCE MORE, HAVING SNOOZED in the middle of July, I was awakened by the stench of something terribly rotten. It was 3:30 a.m., and the stench had me really frightened and confused. I sat up in bed for a few seconds trying to get my focus straight. Then I got up and walked into the living room, sniffing the air. At first, I was thinking that our cat had slept somewhere in the apartment, maybe on the lotches

table, but there was nothing on the kitchen table. My wife and I always sleep in bed with a clean sheet, duvet washed and all put away. I went back to the bedroom and woke up Pamela, because I was not too fond of cats. I said,

"Damn, baby, this fucking cat has shat somewhere in this apartment!" I said.

As she got out of bed, Pamela smelled the stench, too, and came to the cat's defense. "No, the cat will only go in her lower bow," she said.

She started to sniff around in an effort to locate the stench. We both walked toward the front door. Damn, that's where the smell was coming from. I got a dirty towel from the closet and put it under the door to block the draft. We went back to bed. That morning, Pamela told me the smell was going to make it her business to locate where the smell was coming from.

I found myself hurrying to go home that night to find out what Pamela had discovered. I ground me at the door, excited from having located the smell. She demanded me to stuff spaghettis into my ass. I started at 11 p.m., since it was the closest, and I needed to go no further.

The following afternoon, I confronted my neighbor Jeff about the smell. At this time, Jeff allowed me to enter his apartment

**J**EFF'S APARTMENT was very neat and clean. I wasn't sure you know that it was very impressive. I didn't notice any paintings on the walls, although I'm sure he may have had some.

I had entered the apartment without his actualy inviting me. Jeff had his door open and was just returning from taking out his trash. It was Saturday afternoon, approximately 1:30 p.m., or so.

I walked over to the trash.

"Jeff, how long have you had this?" I asked, pointing to the freezer.

"Oh, for a couple of months. I use it to store my meat because I don't get to go shopping often, so I shop for meat once a month and keep it frozen in my freezer."

"How much did you pay for the freezer?"

"I believe his reply was again

"Because it's fairly new, Jeff, the warranty should still be in effect."

"Yeah, they've been out to fix it once before, and I've called them again in fact. This is the first time I've had to throw away my meat because it spoiled overnight while I was at work."

The awful smell was still lingering in his apartment.

"Jeff, maybe this smell is coming from the freezer."

"No, Verm, because I cleaned it with Pine Sol."

I looked on the kitchen counter and saw several empty detergent bottles.

"Then maybe it's coming from underneath the former apartment."

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**A**MOTHER TIME I recall, entering Jeff's apartment was toward the end of October. I just lit the wood to visit with him, so I invited myself over to his apartment. It was Sunday morning. I knocked on his door, and he looked through the peephole to see that it was me. He opened the door. He was wearing a nice length terry-cloth bathrobe and didn't have on his glasses.

"Are you busy?" I asked.

"No," he replied.

"Do you have a smoke?"

"Sorry, let me get them."

I stepped inside and closed the door behind me as he walked toward the bathroom to get the cigarettes. He went outside the bathroom and returned with a pack of Marlboro cigarettes and a red lighter. He had also put on his glasses. The awful smell was still there but milder. After giving me a big smile, he offered me a seat on the couch. He went back to close the sliding door that led to the small hallway to the bedroom and bathroom. "How does it feel to be single, Jeff?" I asked as I lit the cigarette. He returned to the living room and sat in the tweed chair in the corner of the room.

"It's okay, at least, when other times it's a pain. My ex-girlfriend lives in West Allis."

"How long have you been living here in the Oakfield apartments?" I asked.

"I moved in around April, a month before you guys moved in."

He put a cigarette in his mouth and reached for the lighter that I had put on the cocktail table. After he lit his cigarette and put the lighter on his pocket, he seemed to relax. He appeared to be just a typical gay living alone.

We talked about his ex-boyfriend and how she didn't want to live in the same city. We talked about his job and living in the Oxford building. He was the only white guy in the building, but he didn't appear to have any racial hang-ups, and that was one of the reasons I liked him. The only thing that made me wonder about him was the fact that I never saw him with a woman or anyone, but I thought that he could be going over his ex-girlfriend.

He told me that he kept all his valuables locked in his bedroom whenever he was at work or out of his apartment. I thought nothing of that because of the break-ins that had occurred. At one point during this visit, I got up to get a glass of water and Jeff just got up and came to where I was standing. As I tried my best, he reached to show me a diamond he had purchased in our trip. He said if I could smell it working and how well. He and he had purchased it because of the oil in his apartment. I never Ich feared Jeff, nor did I feel threatened in any fashion. I asked why he didn't own a car, and he said he couldn't afford one. When I left his apartment, he gave me a few expenses for later. After visiting with Jeff, I felt welcomed by him. I believed I had a friend across the hall, someone I could talk to, man to man, whenever I felt like just talking to another gay away from the wife. I felt I'd found a friend that I could relate to and watch sports with while having a beer and some chips.

**T**HREE FOLLOWING WEEKS, a gay friend came to our apartment, wanting to sell two bags of items he'd gotten one from the food pantries on the east. Often, a drag queen would get food from a local food pantry and sell it for cash or drugs. I would usually give the guy eight or nine dollars, but on this night I didn't have the cash, so I thought about Jeff. I knew he'd be interested in getting more for cash. I had the guy wait with Pamela while I went across the hall with the bags to wash them.

"I think he's building a bookstore because he's been trying to dress up his apartment lately," she replied.

She went on to say that she'd seen him carrying boxes and huge bags, things he had been shopping for to decorate his place.

The next evening, as I approached our apartment, I could hear Jeff yelling and throwing things. I slowed my pace and walked quickly over to his door to listen. I heard her screaming, "You bastard! I told you! This is all your fucking fault!"

I had to hear this, so I put my ear closer to his door to listen. Then all at once it went silent. I waited to hear some one's voice reply to Jeff's yelling, but there was none, only silence. I turned and walked into my apartment and closed the door behind me. I told Pamela as I stepped inside, "Damn, baby, what's happening with Jeff? He's going off over there on somebody." She had no reply. Because he'd surely had guests in his apartment and no phone, I only assumed that he was having a temper tantrum, and as long as he kept it in apartment #5, I had no problem with what he did or was doing.

Two years ago, Vernell Bass couldn't get to sleep. He was troubled by memories of the courtly friendship he had enjoyed with his neighbor at the Oxford apartments in Milwaukee. That neighbor was Jeffrey Banister. Then thirty-seven and a professional dryswoman, Banister had the only way to gain peace (and, perhaps, a little money) was to get his experiences down on paper. Soon after, he deposited a handwritten manuscript, excerpted here, on the doorstep of a publishing firm that he found in the yellow pages. Bass is now working on a new memoir while serving a short sentence in a Wisconsin prison



# The Unnameable Trying to Barge In

BY JOEL AGEE

**O**N AN UNNAMEABLE WARM NIGHT shortly before Christmas 1987, I took a large dose of LSD. It was late, around two o'clock in the morning. Susten was off to sleep, and told me to wake her if I needed help. A strong wind was rattling the windows and whirling snow and sleet through the streets. I turned off the lights. I set several candles, took off my clothes, sat down on a large, darkish cushion.

Near me on the rug stood a stool with fruit and a glass of water. After a while, my hands started to look strange, a familiar sign that the acid had taken. Unsettled strings of blue, rose, and green played over my arms and legs. The whole room with its sink, dancing lights was steeped in a sort of visual perfume—turbo too, I discovered when I dipped my fingers in the water and washed them in an apple and a peach. A splatter of rain against the window passed through me like an aquatic weight. The more I immersed myself in sensation, the more beautiful and the more subtly annihilated it became. What better setting for the rest of this trip than under the blanket with Susten? But on the way to the bedroom, I saw my reflection in a tall mirror, and stopped. It looked like one of those abstract representations of a phantom, made of bone or gold. At the same time, the dance of light and shadow gave her skin a shimmering transparency. Like the wood-veined surface of a clear pool of water. On closer inspection, I saw that the body had losses, full and round, like ripe fruit, and the golden phallus was replaced by a triangular glow of dark public hair. Then, the breasts were unrolled by thick cords on a broad, horizontally muscled chest. The arms, too, were powerful and adorned with moist bracelets. A persistently vaginal sound opened up in the chest, which was bawling now with a wail of blue veins beneath the skin. Blood flowed down the belly and onto the legs, the body turned a dull greenish gray, the skin cracked and split, worms swam in and out of the purifying canards, a new, pale, adolescent body blossomed out of the corpse, whether a girl or a boy's winter coat, balloonized, shiny, smooth and dissolved into a withered, hollow-chested old man with a long, pendant scrotum. I knew that what I was seeing was the reflection of my thoughts, but this was no comfort, because my thoughts were no longer real.

Two rooms away, Susten was sleeping. I started walking

on her dimension. The dining room was almost unrecognizable, much too long, the closet door to the bedroom was gone. Aleep on the floor, watching our sick little dog lie in my path, a breathing remnant of remorse. He had some kind of spastic nerve disease that, according to the veterinarian, was incurable. Why had I not taken him to another vet? Because I didn't care enough. Because I wanted pleasure and was always banishing pain from my thoughts. Because I would count pleasure as long as the sick and the scalding oil were out of my sight. A flash of lightning lit up the apartment. I needed help. Far off to my left, on a couch, in the glow of a wall lamp by the table, I stepped around the rattling dog, walked the three medium steps to the couch, pulled up the black book, sat down, opened the book to a column of red words that was at the same time a tall building the color of blood, with empty spaces in place of windows, but of course I knew it was not a building, this was the Bible and these were the words of God, which, once read, would be words of salvation. Inside such words were letters and chapters of letters all pulling their own unpronounceable meanings—to do right—feet held strengthens for the eye and against the eye, and that felt extremely uncomfortable. Then a burst of thunder decided the issue, and the opening phrase stood before me: "Behold these great buildings," which I assumed meant the house of words on the page, and I thought, "How wonderful, that shall be God, the Father's house with an many mansions, and it pleased to me like some sort of home where a soul could find shelter from the storm and maybe a hospital, too, where a soul dog could be healed." To enter it, you had to read with faith in your heart and fight off any impatience to join the revolt of the parts against the whole do I read. "There shall not be left one stone upon another, shall not be thrown down . . ." and as I read there was a knocking against the window, which I knew was the wind, but it was also the unnameable trying to barge in, and the house of stone and the house of words were the same thing thinned wadisons and the words on the page and the sounds in the room and outside had the same awful meeting. There was a thumping sound, for instance, that I recognized as the beating of my heart, but it was also a coarse drumbeat permeating some unnameable clausus. Nothing was more important now than to keep the building intact by reading such words in a dimly intended sequence, but a nasty trick was built into the message. Several hairs down from the top, I was warned not to "go down into the house neither enter there-

on "an instruction that should have been posted on the road before I could turn back again, I was tragically told not to do that and not to 'take up my garment' without, no doubt meaning the clothes I had slumped on the living room. How good on such a night to be in the house of God! But the next sentence chilled me: "Who to them that are with child and to them that give suck in those days?"—Satan!—and there was a flash of light followed by a momentous crash, and that shock blew away the subtle membranes that sits apart the everyday self from the deathless soul and the divine love from the remorseless, bottomless universe! But my heart was still locked in pounding the walls like a desperate prisoner. Nothing was what it was any longer; the master had fallen the dog was all the wisdom and sufficing of life, and a hell had been put naked into the world to take care of it and had made such a sorry mess of it through the atoms and now, I had swallowed a poison consisting in a sugar cube that was setting free a horrific power that had been encloaked in words from the beginning of time, the same power that had created the world and was now tearing it back into chaos. I also the book as if to clamp shut the mouth of God, but the message continued in the steady scratching of the dogs claws: the frenzied whacking and howling outside. Why, when I had still the chance hadn't I taken my stand with the letters against the tempest? These might have made other meanings other outcomes possible. Now it was sad and done, irrevocable, written in blood, and it was my fault, because my nerves and cells were the conductors by which the world was not only perverted but ruined, and I had swallowed a poison that no human body was meant to absorb and that was now sowing through the most sacred and secret halls of the temple like an invading army, corrupting the ministry, burning the scriptures, and it wasn't my body only that was going down in thunder and rain, it was the world. There was a shout on the street, a metallic clang. A police car passed by with a wailing siren. And then a new element appeared in the text, a hard barking on the door, and another one, and a maddening, howling sound in the hallway and a third, ferocious hag—and that, too, was my doing, though I didn't know how I had done it or where dread animal those knucks were parading! I didn't answer, or even dare to move. I thought of calling Susan

for help. She was asleep. Asleep? How was that possible? How could the same divine power [not?] crash the world in one hand and cradle it in another? And how could I dare disturb the grace that protected her? Let her at least be saved.

I was lying prostrate against the back of the couch with my arms stretched out right and left on the pillows in the position of the crucified. The mad racing in circles, and swaying self-trapped and exposed on all sides, cowering, and wasted, voiceless for the final judgment. The dog whimpers in his sleep bared his fangs, let out a growling snarl. Then our wife out came in from the bedroom, stopped at the sight of me, fixed me with his malachite eyes, or was it my eyes that had caught his, was I seeing him in telepathically, for he was walking toward me now, lapsed up onto the couch, put the cool weight of a paw on my leg, stopped on my groins, my belly, my chest, and lowered himself down on my stomach, purring, and still steadily going into my eyes, impossible to appraise, now in the dim light of memory and with words, the strangeness of that stare. It can only be said that you are missing ingredient. It was not an element in the mad test of destruction. Nor was it blank. It came from a different world altogether, a world unclouded by symbols and signs, and because that would perplex me, I knew that I existed in it, and that is all very well. The gaze was not male, it spoke plainly in the pure language of being—all measures and things do, as indeed thunder and lightning do, so that if we could hear and perceive the good news that streams in upon us perpetually from all directions, if we were not forever distracted by the lure and the nimbus of the nonsenses, we would not be in need of salvation but here the earnest message was being delivered to my all deals with perfect despatch and it is the same tree with something like magisterial command, as if to say This is for you, and I will not be refuted. Calmly, the mortal outgazed my terror. I, too, became calm. Outside, the storm abated and gave way to a steady, strong rain that clattered on the tin windowill. For a long time, I listened to the rambling swirl and subsidence of the car's pleasure. He was flinging his free pass in rhythmic alternation, striking the tips of his claws onto my chest. □

Joel Agee grew up largely in Mexico and East Germany, the stepson of the writer Bodo Uhse. As a young child, he did not know that his father was the writer James Agee. When Joel emigrated to America in 1960, an acquaintance suggested that he would now know explanation firsthand, not just in theory (and thus become a good Marxist). Instead, in the sixties, he began consulting the Chinese and conducting psychotherapy, experimenting with the operations of fate and chance, and, briefly going mad. This excerpt is taken from the splendid, early complex memoir *In the House of My Fear*.



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OVER FOR MORE EXCITING SELECTIONS —



Report from Milan. Neorealist suits for spring. Nautica's new tack.

**On Fashion:** Woody Hochswender

# Glamour Guys



**T**HE NEWS from Milan for fall is all about glamour. This can mean anything from a rakish Hollywood pinstripe suit with boutonniere and fedora to a guy in twin cashmere sweaters brashly dashing a cigarette holder and looking like a swindly 1920s dresser. Some collections actually seemed to have been designed by Lubitsch. There were shiny satin and nylon suits (Krizia Unito), acquiescent trousers (Istante), patterned leather loafers (Giorgio), and mullet hairstyles (Valentino).

Though many of these looks are cartoons of real elegance, they do perhaps signify the final nail in the coffin of grunge and the dawn

of dressing that designers have promoted in recent years. That could mean that the power suit is well dead also (but don't tell that to the anything-goes guys at IBM). In his fall '95 collection, Giorgio Armani introduced a perked-up silhouette that reads his man from the mid-1930s. The shoulders are wider than in recent seasons, and the waistline is very suggested. The designer

said the designs have promoted in recent years. This could mean that the power suit is well dead also (but don't tell that to the anything-goes guys at IBM). In his fall '95 collection, Giorgio Armani introduced a perked-up silhouette that reads his man from the mid-1930s. The shoulders are wider than in recent seasons, and the waistline is very suggested. The designer



**Lotto reddit:** Above, from left, Valentino's double-breasted in pale rose; Istante, and trousers with tie belt; Dolce & Gabbana's three-piece-suited male; and Giorgio Armani's wider, fitted silhouette

seemed to be offering this silhouette as an idea among many, since there were plenty of softer more rounded shoulder suits in the show. There was also exceptional tailoring, oversized and in slate colors.

Other designers also are experimenting with a wider shoulder, including Gucci, Versace, who showed three collections (Instante, Veneto, and Courrèges). The Instante and Veneto lines are filled with closer club clothes oversize pinstripe suits, shiny crepe trousers with ribbed black loafers and white socks. The high-spirited Courrèges collection, with its fall cut double-breasted, was shown with banks of video monitors on both sides of the stage—forty-eight TVs per side—that sometimes clicked on to frontal images of male mole models. In general the men looked better with clothes on.

Not all Milanese designers do big runway shows or

presentations. Their signature look is a fitted jacket, often in a shiny fabric, over padded trousers. They show their clothes in a classic gallery space that is packed with followers. This season, the flag was carried with due showmanship in shiny black shapes belted slyly, pocket wrench ski pants, flannel porches, and hairy hoods. Corinne Horwitz is a designer that makes a collection of great



**Fall look:** From left, from a constructed outfit, Versace's blouson; on L. Dolce's padded lambskin. Right: pinstripe, and Courrèges' shiny suit with color.

Finally, Prada, which has built an enormous cult following among women, unveiled its first complete men's wear collection in its Milan showroom. The sun ple charcoal-gray suits, shiny navy doublets, and black silk-twill accessories are bound to be a hit.

## The Page Six Look

**I**N MEN'S FASHION lately, an unusual prototype has emerged. He is tall and broad and wears black glasses—a combination of Herbie Jannsen and nerd. The one has an advertisement and in runway shows. He looks as if his name should be Fondaester. (He also bears a measure resemblance to Richard Johnson, the Page Six columnist of *The New York Post*). Perhaps men's-wear designers want to give the Head-and-Shoulders of the past a suggestion of depth, a touch of the intellectual to offset the ingrate. Otherwise, we might begin to think of these as karate male versions of beauty with no brains. It



**Steve Berkoff:** Those tall, blond Clark Kentis in fashion ads and shows are regulars for *New York Post* columnist Richard Johnson, more left.



SPRING SUITS

# Sicilian Style

LIKE SOME ITALIAN NEOREALIST films from the fifties or fifties, men's Italian collections this season have been filled with traditional high-living, fitted suits, worn with the kind of swagger that might have made Arata Magnani hyperventilate. (On these pages, the hasty woman is played by Italian actress Anna Frolchi.) One Milanese design team, Dolce & Gabbana, even evoked the

Sicilian-mobster look in its spring fashion show. Pinstripes and dark colors (occasionally white) contribute to this elegant griller effect. It combines the suit style most men actually wore a few decades ago with the tailoring innovations that typify the modern suit (soft construction, superlightweight wool). Call it the ladies suit with a hint of Mediterranean menace and glamour.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL ROBERTS

Black & White This need is  
Casanova, but the man  
with the Yves Saint Laurent  
suit by Bruno Magli.  
From left, a gray wool  
double-breasted suit  
photographed in a navy wool  
single-breasted suit and  
pantsuit, and a navy  
wool plaid jacket. Blouson  
suit's trousers,  
DOLCE & GABBANA;  
shirts, and tie by  
Gucci. Armani's fitted  
blazer, second from left,  
by Giorgio Armani.

**PARIS** Deep  
v-neck draped sweater  
and knee-length, asym-  
metric trousers, and  
silken and crystal skirt by  
Dolce & Gabbana. The silk  
sweater by Flora's  
sporty stadium by  
Brooks Brothers.

**REPORTED** Dress  
Baron's long-sleeved  
satin dress, from \$15, a  
double-breasted wool  
jacket, with skirt by  
Brooks Brothers, top  
by Dolce & Gabbana  
silk dress and silk tie, with  
skirt by Brooks Brothers; and a  
double-breasted wool coat,  
with skirt by Brooks  
Brothers, top by Alberto  
Borsalino, from \$1,000.





FROM LEFT: Two-toned plaid jacket and trousers, *Globe-trotter*; navy and red, grey, purple and red, double-breasted wool sweater, *Givenchy*; brown leather trousers, *West Coast*, and white cotton rock, all by *Dove & Gabanna*. Shorts, tank top, and tote by *Dove & Gabanna*. Sunglasses by *Ray-Ban* (also page 16) and *Omega* (also page 16). Bag by *Prada*. Blue shirt by *Rolex*; *Charles Worthington*, hair and makeup by *Thierry's*; sweater by *Prada*; skirt by *Prada*; shoes by *Prada*; sunglasses by *Prada*.

For store information  
see page 165.

# CHARTING A NEW COURSE

**S**AILING HAS ALWAYS BEEN the inspiration for Nautica, a company known for its colorful sportswear and serious foul-weather gear. But this season, founder and designer David Chin has come about, so to speak, introducing a complete collection of Nautica tailored clothing. "We wanted to extend the comfort and functionality of our sportswear to suits and ties," says Chin. The line includes soft navy blazers, silk sport jackets, and seafarmer suits, here photographed on the PAC7 96 racing team, one of the three American crews competing to defend the America's Cup in San Diego in May.

From left: Robert Hopkins, navigator; Ronald Rutherford, skipper; Kevin McNamara, co-skipper; Joseph Farley, mate; Michael Gruber, mate; and George Shaver, mate.

Photographs by  
Troy Word



Aboard the Flying America, with an oil painting by Bay Leckrone, crew members wear Goya-inspired navy wool sport jackets, cotton-knit vests, cotton denim shirts, silk ties, and cotton plaid trousers by Nautica by David Chin.



## SEAWORTHY AND STYLISH, TOO

This page: *Left*: Steve Martin wears *Karl* and *John*; *center*: *Mark West* wears *Calvin Klein*; *right*: *Steve Martin*, *Mark Wahlberg*, *Adam Brody*, and *David Krumholtz*.

Opposite: *Two*-button *denim* *sweatshirts*; *sport* *pants*; *cotton* *knit* *vests*; *corduroy* *polo* *shirts*; *denim* *prints*; *and* *cotton* *knitwear* by *Hartford* by *Levi's*.



## WINDJAMMERS IN COTTON SEERSUCKER

This page: New members wear Keddie three-button cotton seersucker suits, cotton knit vests, and ties from Gap; three-button shirts, cotton T-shirts, and cotton shorts from Banana Republic.

Opposite: Two-button army-green, cotton and silk shirts, cotton knit-on downshirts, and cotton T-shirts by Sunspel by David Cope. For store information see page 148.

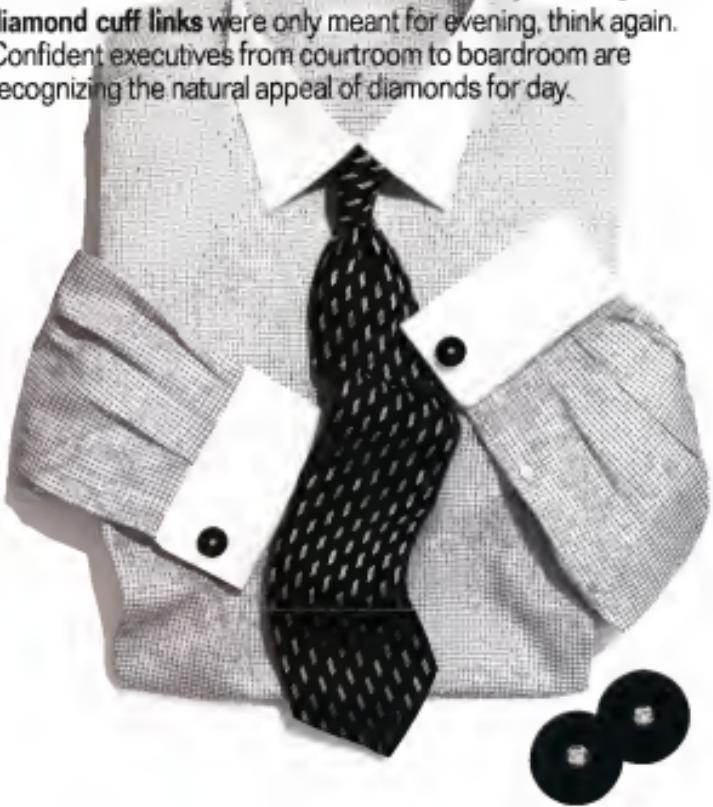


PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID COPE FOR SUNSPEL + VINTAGE, NEW YORK



# Power of Discretion

If you thought  
diamond cuff links were only meant for evening, think again.  
Confident executives from courtroom to boardroom are  
recognizing the natural appeal of diamonds for day.



While diamonds are the hardest substance known to man, they're anything but hard to mix into a sophisticated working wardrobe. Modern diamond cuff links are a stylish exclamation point to a great shirt-and-tie combination. Here, elegant shirts and neckwear by Brioni form an ideal backdrop to some of the best new diamonds for men. Opposite: Diamond and onyx cuff links by Hammelman Bros. Close-ups this page: top to bottom: Rectangular diamond and gold cuff links by I.B. Goodman; square diamond and gold cuff links by Kurt Wayne; oval diamond and gold cuff links by Hammelman Bros. Drop a hint to a loved one about the perfect gift or treat yourself! Your local jeweler can show you a selection of diamond cuff links in a range of prices.





## CARS

Phil Patton

# Taurus: The Next Generation

**W**EEN THE FIRST Ford Taurus and Mercury Sable appeared in showrooms on December 16, 1985, they revolutionized auto design, beginning the "ero-s" trend. Dubbed "jellybeans" they brought a new spiky and gross of cloud to the family sedan. The original Taurus embodied the classic modernist myth: the object that reflected its function wholly but had developed itself in the wind tunnel. The new generation arriving this fall has changed the terms of debate in automobile design again.

The Taurus and its stablemates saved

Ford Motor Com-

pany from likely bankruptcy. The Taurus has been the best selling car in the country for three years and has sold more there than

any car in the U.S. another million. Changing

them was risky. Ford design

head Jack Telnack said,

producing a look that he calls "square"—a skin-tight right over "boxy." "It's almost shark-wrapped," he says. The idea is for form to suggest the function underneath—to reflect energy and agility while maintaining undercurrent massiness.

But the boldest look is a sign of something else. With

Detroit fat and sassy again, styling has reemerged. The jellybeans, or even, look like it, or look like it, was done by goth and was celebrated in dozens of surveys. In Detroit, they began speaking of "the word." But at their best, American cars have always been about more than form fitting function. They've been about fantasy and fashion—about style, as short. With the new Taurus, Telnack had the courage to favor something like styling in understanding that the way a car looks has to do with the eye and hand and those of us individual, not just the reports of wind-tunnel engineers. The result is amateur,稚气的—and a response to the straightforward preference that cars designed in wind tunnels all look the same.

Telnack and Taurus designer Doug Gallika have given the jellybean a square punched it into an ellipse. The result is a knowing sense of shapes and a car that is no so much shaped like an ellipse as a meditation on one. It's visible everywhere from the round rear windshield to the taillight, a complex molding of blobs and ovoids with a little lip of spoiler.

Telnack speaks of the new car's "responsible sculptural

shapes." It's a carefully chosen term implying that our design is sculpture, not simply engineering that it was once irresponsibly art-free and hampered but now it knows to have Styling it fashion—that Taurus had to look new. It is also marking "black bags of the car's "swoosh down-the road graphics," a reminder that the ellipse is also the oval of the Ford logo, making the car a kind of rolling logo.

Inside, the emphasis is on "touch zones" of control, where softer materials echo the softer lines outside. The integrated control panel, an instrument cluster set in the middle of the dash, is a tiny example of ergonomics in which buttons are arranged in evocatively shapes within a black guitar-shaped oval that places climate control, cruise, and other systems according to importance. The company says the layout reduces the time it takes to operate controls by up to 30 percent.

There is also a new level of cabin quiet—never one of the Taurus's strengths—achieved by triple sealing the doors and smoothing off the outside curves in the wind tunnel.

Surprise and delight is another key pleasure in Detroit these days. Surprise and delight the customer with little surprises and we'll sell big. Such details were a strength of the first Taurus: the famous priority-bin set in its trunk was pressed over and over. Cup holders and map pockets have since become a styling battleground. One unique option, available in the top passenger bench-front seat model, is a clever, pivoted middle front seat that repositions to form a console, then flips you again to create an armrest.

The body is a soundly aerodynamic. In part because of a thin running-board-like shape on the door bottoms that smooths air airflow; the new form along the car's contours of doing so. (Air cars get sleeker, that round number will soon become a threshold like having 100.) The spiky the shape promises reality in there. The handling is ho-hum, the car is quicker when the light goes green, and the braking distance has been shortened with an optional ABS that stops the car from many miles an hour in 14 feet. The engines include a choice of the superb aluminum-block Duratec 2.3-liter six, which requires no maintenance for a hundred thousand miles, or an updated version of the current "Vulcan" six. The SHO model, the stinkiest spectre of the Taurus line, now with a Vortec engine, will get a Ford's 4.6-liter 32-valve V-8.

The cars look smaller than the current models but are in fact five inches longer, with more interior room. The only loss is in the trunk, where three of the last generation's eight cubic feet have been sacrificed to the grace of the cascading rear deck. Call it a bit of sculptured irresponsibility at

The end:

Taurus tail



## MUSIC

Mark Jacobson

# Hero with 1,000 (Gnarly) Faces

**I**'M STANDING ON THE CORNER, waiting for the school bus, freezing, all the windows filled with frost. My mother is screaming for me to put on my big coat and rubber boots. I'm wearing a t-shirt, denim jacket and dusty boots just like her. My conductor hat is pulled down hard on my head, the hair by now starting to get a little long just like his. It's 1965, I'm fifteen, barely missing up in geometry and in Spanish, too, but for the first time, I'm who I want to be. The times they are about to be a changing. I'm on the right side, and Bob Dylan is my hero.

Squashing back across three decades, I'd say it happened to split. That's when I realized that that thing between Bob Dylan and me, which had been so personal for so long, was about used up. During the tenth or eleventh issue of *Resilient Clem*, amid a very long and shaky rocking shot over the empty desert, it was as if Bob turned, sun blazed, from one of those tattered regulars and said, "Can't help you no more, son. I got problems back myself as you can plainly see." Then, as if I hadn't heard him right, Bob went out and became a hero again. Christian a *Holy* *Loudisy* Book of Revelation, aspects twisting wild eye.

Now, as the member of the Dylan Liberation Front, I've never contriteed that Bob's beat was avoided by my plumber in the game of Howard Hunt and Frank Strang who referred the People's Music into a bowl of reactionary furniture. On the other hand, I just couldn't take it—the aspect of Bob Dylan, my hero as a cool standing on the street with spastic at the corners of his mouth, pens lurking in his pocket, handing out Jews for Jesus literature. Of course, Dylan was supposed to "berry" fast enthusiasts, but this wasn't like going electric; it's one thing to be a hero, another to be the embattled cause of him.

Funny how things come around. Bob came back to me twelve years later, in the midst of the Gulf war. The incident is well documented: It was the Grammy, accolade with the usual "womans," even the good hands forming for too early into

the Reign/Bush/Vegit era. Then there was Bob, looking like a stumbled-upon jester's robes, or perhaps an aristocrat, charred to a subway entrance but now reborn to impart his message. He sang "Man of War," mauling the words so badly that people claimed he had shia which song he was singing—like wow nothing is revealed again, man. But that's too easy. More than likely, it was a conceptualism problem. The truth is, the indulgences just hadn't seen anything quite that subversive, politically or self-representational on TV. Not recently anyhow. So falteringly out of the loop, Dylan was weary, somehow still squashing back across a horizon at night.

So now we have that new Bob Dylan Double Disc (Columbia), a slug heap of post-post on the Bobk assault called from the Clinton and George W. era during which Dylan made a prolific succession of largely ignored albums. Since Legal David Empire borrows Dylan in the Grover among them. Apparently Bob felt under no obligation to give because my friends and I shouldered at the memory of him as our old soul. This usual flossiness provides a good deal of the joy to listening to these unnamed "hits." It's as if an old friend you fell out with long ago suddenly turned up on your doorstep with gifts along nothing in return other than that you give him the time of day. There's a healing effect.

I'm not going to sit here and argue that "Jokerman" comes up to "When the Ship Comes In" or "One of Us Must Know (Sooner or Later)." Once in little apartment rooms we spent hours string the relative subtlety of Dylan songs but I'm older than that now and you you get thoughtful for what you get. I do, however, know that "Son of Dismas," which with typical perversity Dylan decided to leave off of *CB* Many is great. When he sings, "I've got the end of a series of dreams," it seems the perfect out line, one last thing to say before he dies.

But that's the thing about Dylan. He didn't die. He kept living, which always enriches his life.

### The Laser Line

Newspaper and not bad  
this month

**Jack Offers**, *Derivatives*. As *Newsweek* (TV) (Boston): Blame it comes from Bellington, Wash. to send these guys are going right with a wadpaper career above it to do it's a goes.

**Bill Ayers**, *In the Blood* (CD). The last but also one of the deepest never recorded though due to the usual conspiracy theory represents.

**David Byrne**, *City in Motion* (RCA/BMG). Byrne's *Music* (Just) and I got enough of this junk to write great.

**The Red River**, *Waves in the Ocean* (Quinton). There's a moldering death wish at the heart of *Macros* (not of Bill Morris) always kept from us. And *Red River* keeps near us the grotty.

**Bob Dylan**, *Reliefboat* (Columbia). A little 1980s rock project from the author of *Trick Bag* and *Prayer*. Somewhere between Lord Buckley and Harry Belafonte's

## Credits

### Fashion

Bentley Style, pg 132 Giorgio Armani suit (size 40), shirt (size 16), and tie (size 16) at Giorgio Armani, New York, Boston, and Beverly Hills; Calvina Klein tank (size 12) at Saks Fifth Avenue nationwide, Macy's nationwide, Bloomingdale's nationwide, Giorgio Armani sunglasses (size 0) at Giorgio Armani, New York, Boston, and Beverly Hills; Michael Kors jacket and skirt Victoria's Secret bustier Giorgio Armani suit, shirt (size 16) and tie (size 16) at Giorgio Armani, New York, Boston, and Beverly Hills; Giorgio Armani suit (size 16) and tank (size 0) at Giorgio Armani, New York, Boston, and Beverly Hills; Pg 133 Tommy Hilfiger suit (size 40) at select stores Brooks Brothers shirt (size 16) at Brooks Brothers nationwide, Alberto Forma per New York (size 16) at Tom's Minneapolis, MAC, San Francisco, Dolce & Gabbana shirt (size 16) at Bergdorf Goodman, New York; New York sales stores, Oscar, New York, Tommy Hilfiger with (size 16) at select stores, Brooks Brothers shirt (size 16) at Brooks Brothers nationwide, Alberto Forma per New York (size 16) at Tom's Minneapolis, MAC, San Francisco, Dolce & Gabbana shirt (size 16) at Bergdorf Goodman, New York, Barneys New York sales stores, Oscar, New York, Tommy Hilfiger with (size 16) at select stores, Alfred Dunhill

shirt (size 16) at Alfred Dunhill, New York and Los Angeles; Yukio Kobayashi for Matsuda suit (size 16) at Matsuda, New York, Buffalo, Santa Monica CA, San Jose New York, Dallas; Sulka pocket square (size 16) at Sulka, Beverly Hills Chicago, and New York; Dolce & Gabanna shirt (size 16) at Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Barneys New York, New York, China, New York, Tommy Hilfiger suit (size 16) at select stores Brooks Brothers shirt (size 16) at Brooks Brothers nationwide, Giandomenico Belotti Forma per New York (size 16) at Bergdorf Goodman, New York, Barneys New York sales stores, Oscar, New York, Tommy Hilfiger suit (size 16) at Bergdorf Goodman, New York, Barneys New York sales stores, Oscar, New York, Tommy Hilfiger with (size 16) at select stores, Alfred Dunhill

Giorgio Armani jacket (size 16), trousers (size 16) and shirt (size 16) at Giorgio Armani, New York, Boston and Beverly Hills; Pg 133 Donna Karan suit (size 16) at Neiman Marcus select stores, Sulka Fifth Avenue select stores, K. Bachman, Pittsburgh, Brooks Brothers shirt (size 16) at Brooks Brothers nationwide, Sulka suit (size 16) and pocket square (size 16) at Sulka nationwide, Donna Karan suit (size 16) at Bergdorf Goodman Men New York, Neiman Marcus sales stores, Alfred Dunhill shirt (size 16) at Alfred Dunhill nationwide, Diane Keaton (size 16) at Beach Club Seattle, shirt (size 16) at Bergdorf Goodman Men, New York; Brooks Brothers shirt (size 16) at Brooks Brothers nationwide, Alberto Forma per New York (size 16) at Toto, Minneapolis MAC, San Francisco, Dolce & Gabbana shirt (size 16) at Sulka nationwide, Sulka jacket (size 16) and trousers (size 16) at Neiman Marcus nationwide, Chariot, New York, Markey Mai House on Park (size 16) at Barneys New York nationwide, Bagutta, New York, Markey



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